

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED THE NATION'S LOSS. NEWSPAPER

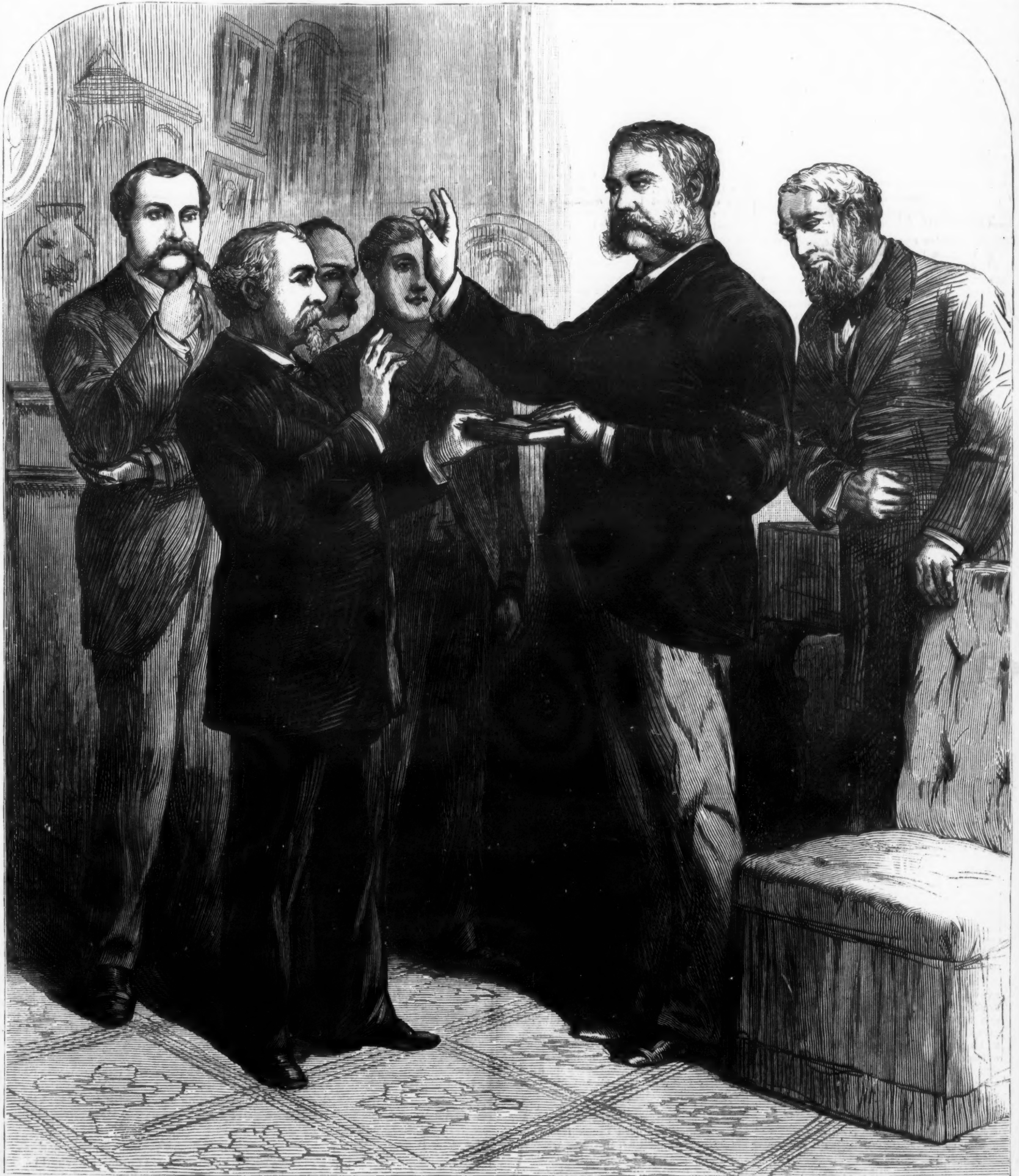
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THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—JUDGE BRADY ADMINISTERING THE PRESIDENTIAL OATH TO VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR, AT HIS RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—SEE PAGE 85.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

### THE TRAGEDY ILLUSTRATED.

THE illustrations of the tragedy which has recently culminated in the death of the distinguished victim, given from time to time in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, furnish a complete pictorial history of that terrible event. These illustrations have been made from sketches by our most competent artists, and have in all cases represented actual scenes and incidents. Our sketches at Elberon, through the courtesy of the late President's private secretary and others, were obtained under circumstances affording every possible advantage in the making up of essential details, and their authenticity has in every case been corroborated by those familiar with the scenes depicted. It has been our aim to illustrate every phase of the tragedy with the most careful accuracy and the utmost fidelity to the spirit of the thing depicted; and appreciating the eager interest of the public in the general subject, we have spared no expense in producing our pictures with the greatest possible promptitude. Our illustrations of the last look of the lamented President on the ocean at Elberon, and of the death-bed scene, were prepared and engraved within a few hours after the great life passed into eclipse, and the papers containing them were on the market on the day following. What we have done as to this event in the past we shall do as to all matters of public interest in the future—making FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a model of pictorial journalism, as well as an expositor, editorially, of the best thought of the time as to all subjects whatever.

### THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

NO grander opportunity to achieve distinction in the service of his country could be desired by any public man than that which to-day lies before President Arthur. Coming to the Executive chair under circumstances of profound solemnity, with the whole nation waiting to give him its loyal support, and with his work, moreover, mapped out with singular distinctness, he has but to take up and carry forward that unfinished work of his lamented predecessor in the broad and masterful spirit in which it was begun—making himself, in very fact, the head of the Administration, and in no sense the leader of a faction—to establish himself securely in the affections of his countrymen as a worthy custodian of the vast interests committed to his charge.

Will he rise to the height of this grand opportunity? So far as can be judged from present indications, he obviously proposes to strive to do so. Every step he has taken since the culmination of the ghastly tragedy which has brought him to the Presidency has been marked by dignity, wisdom and a vivid appreciation of the responsibility of his position. He seems to realize, in the fullest sense, the gravity of the task which Providence has imposed upon him. His inaugural address shows very clearly that he does not mean that the standard of the National Administration shall be lowered, or the policy of his predecessor, which has extorted the encomiums of the civilized world, perverted or abandoned. His precise language on this point, at once positive and reassuring, is as follows:

"All the nobler aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity and promote the general welfare, to insure domestic security and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit and to see that the nation shall profit by his example and experience. Prosperity blesses our country. Our fiscal policy is fixed by law, is well grounded, and generally approved. No threatening issue mars our foreign intercourse, and the wisdom, integrity and thrift of our people may be trusted to continue undisturbed the present assured career of peace, tranquillity and welfare."

"The gloom and anxiety which have enshrouded the country must make reprieve especially welcome now. No demand for speedy legislation has been heard. No adequate occasion is apparent for an unusual session of Congress. The Constitution defines the functions and powers of the Executive as clearly as those of either of the other two departments of the Government, and he must answer for the just exercise of the discretion it permits and the performance of the duties it imposes."

There is no evasion in these distinct avowals of the urgent questions of the hour. They leave no room for doubt on any point connected with the policy of the late President. The Star Route abuses are to be explored to the bottom. The prosecution of the thieves will go forward, and the guilty will be held to the full responsibility of their crimes. The economic measures introduced by the late Administration will be maintained. The business of the country will not be disturbed by the contentions or crude and ill-advised legislation of an extra session of Congress. The existing financial policy will not be disturbed. These are positive assurances, and they are to be accepted as embodying the deliberate intent and purpose of him who makes them. They settle at the outset the one commanding question before

which all others have dwindled into the barest insignificance in the public thought: the work of reform will not be staid, and the Government will be administered in accordance with the loftier methods, which recent experience has approved.

In the purpose thus avowed, the new Executive will command, unquestionably, the cordial co-operation and support of all right-thinking citizens. He will need all the aid and encouragement which can be bestowed. He will not be permitted to carry out unchallenged or unopposed, the policy to which he stands committed. There are influences in his party, some of which have hedged him closely in the past, which are admittedly unfriendly to the process of purification and reform which promises such large results in every department of the public service. There are rings, partisan and official, which will interpose every possible obstacle in the way of the fulfillment of the pledges of the President. Some men upon whom he may feel called to lean, and who may be admitted to his councils, have personal grudges to gratify, enemies to punish, friends to reward, fancied humiliations to avenge. All these influences President Arthur, if he persists in the course he has outlined, will be compelled to combat vigorously, uncompromisingly, and without cessation. The struggle will be no ordinary one, and for that very reason, the friends of true and upright administration, in whatever party they may be found, must array themselves actively and with decision on the side of the Executive, and there remain so long as he shall maintain the attitude which he now occupies. There must be no backward step in the grand march upon which the nation has entered; but it must never be forgotten that the Government, whatever the Executive may or may not be, is, after all, mainly what the people make it—the incarnation of their intelligence, their virtue and their patriotism; or of qualities radically and eternally opposite. President Arthur has begun well: let the people see to it that he is encouraged and strengthened to continue in the statesmanlike policy he has specifically avowed.

### OUR BUSINESS FUTURE.

IN an hour like the present, when the national heart is so profoundly moved by the calamity that has come upon us, it is scarcely fitting to coolly balance accounts and weigh the chances of future prosperity or adversity in the light of matter-of-fact statistics; the minds of men are too heavily oppressed with a sense of almost individual bereavement for this to be possible even if it were necessary or desirable. The unquestioned talents of General Garfield, his gentility, his courage, his largeness of heart, disarmed enmity even in political opponents, and endeared him to the millions who gave him their suffrages to a greater degree, perhaps, than any President since Abraham Lincoln. That the business community partake of this feeling was attested by the adjournment of the Exchanges here and in all the great marts of the country and by the temporary paralysis of trade everywhere.

But it would be a mistake to indulge in gloomy forebodings with respect to the future of our industrial interests as a result of even this heavy calamity. The American Republic is as a house built upon a rock—the winds and floods of adversity may beat fiercely against it at times, but their fury is impotent; its foundations are sure and it stands firm. It is to-day working out some of the most momentous problems that ever engaged the human intellect. It is attracting the bone and sinew of effete civilizations of Europe; it is drawing from Europe millions in treasure every week, and it is everywhere acknowledged to be the granary of the world. The influx of specie at our marts is so enormous as to alarm Europe; the West, where money has for years been so much needed, is now richer by hundreds of millions than it was only a few years ago. Our cotton and grain crops are increasing year by year at a rate almost beyond belief, and our other harvests as well as our manufactures are likewise becoming more and more important with each recurring year. We have, in addition, perhaps even greater railroad facilities than we require. We have reduced the national debt more than eight hundred millions since the war—over one hundred millions have been canceled in a single year—and it will not be many years before it is reduced to a merely nominal amount.

We have, then, every element of commercial strength. We have, besides, a population of fifty millions, standing on a higher plane of intelligence than any other people in the world. It is a population so impregnated with the greatness begotten of civil and religious liberty that it requires no iron rule, even if it would brook it; it can, in fact, govern itself as, in times when rulers were temporarily wanting, it has done repeatedly to the wonder no less than the admiration of the civilized world.

No; the long funeral procession that took its way from Washington to the dead President's quiet resting-place in Ohio

was regarded with sorrowful interest by his countrymen who had so highly honored him in life, but with no misgivings as to the future of a nation already one of the greatest and most powerful on the face of the globe.

### AMERICANS ABROAD.

THE number of Americans visiting Europe is annually increasing. The increase would be much greater but for one cause, namely, that business compels so many to stay at home. Daily interests and apparently limitless possibilities of fortune tend to keep Americans at home, in spite of all their facilities and disposition to roam. None, like them, are so eminently fitted to be travelers, to permeate every nook and corner of the earth, disseminating a healthy influence in their wake, imparting knowledge unto others and being imparted unto in return. Europe justly gives us credit for being a very curious people. With an appetite already whetted by those visiting it, astonishment is there often expressed that, in view of the circumstances, "all America" does not drop down on the shores of its sister continent. Lack of time and of the gift of ubiquity alone prevent—not the fear of sea-sickness nor the tedium of a week's voyage across the big pond. Thus, relatively, only a few of our citizens annually go abroad—at present one in a thousand—but that these put their best feet foremost and make the most of the trip, no careful observer need be told.

Our visitors to Europe are divided into two classes—Summer tourists or transients, and yearly sojourners. Steamship companies' records show that this Summer 30,000 Americans have crossed the ocean, in addition to the number resident "in colonies" in European centres throughout the year and estimated at 20,000, or a total of 50,000 for 1881. In view of the numerous visitors who come to us from the Old World—half a million being this year's estimate—these figures look like a poor return on our part; but it must be borne in mind that Europe has six times our population (counting the women and children, as we do among our fifty millions), and consequently a vastly greater amount of spare time than is at our disposal. On both sides the aim is, strictly speaking, to improve and learn regardless of cost; and, hence, as the traffic extends in scope beyond the elementary one of dollars and cents, a comparison between the pocket-books of the two sets of travelers is unnecessary. Ostensibly the European, for the most part, visits America for work; ostensibly the American goes to Europe for pleasure; in reality each finds ample occasion for combining the useful with the agreeable according to the wholesome injunction of the poets.

In "having a good time" while "doing" Europe, American travelers find it advantageous to spend money freely, and, as a natural consequence, they have generally acquired the reputation of being first-class customers—none better. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Europe fleeces them; they get the worth of their money—none more—and see all that is to be seen in infinitely less time than the natives to the "manor or manner" born. True, they give considerable trouble and bother in stirring up the sluggish European mass; but they pay liberally for the privilege, and ultimately receive the thanks of the natives, especially when the latter penetrate into the *rationale* of the stirring process. One single American goes a long way towards leavening any part of the European dough with which he happens to come into contact. Only a word here, an act there, one would fancy without the slightest consequence. But that word, that act, is often so novel to the indigenous intellect as to set it pondering in a way which uproots many old errors and well-nursed prejudices. To fill both the pocket and mind of the inhabitants of the country into which one travels, is surely no small triumph.

Materially speaking, the yearly amount that Europe receives from American tourists, transient and resident, is not less than \$50,000,000. Some of our travelers make the tour, there and back, on the modest allowance of \$500; indeed, there are cases on record of Americans who have "done" France and Italy on \$200, by going over in the steerage and wayfaring in third-class railway coaches and inns exclusively. But, on the other hand, there are those who lavish millions of francs in all the principal fashionable centres, outshining in costly, luxurious display the aristocracies that were fathered by Peter the Hermit and others in the time of the Crusades. It is particularly the Summer travel that pays so well both the steamers and the continental hotel and shopkeepers; their income then falls in a solid lump and expenses are by so much curtailed—it being cheaper to run a steamer or hotel for 500 persons than, as in Winter, for a beggarly baker's dozen of scatterings.

The narrow objections sometimes advanced against the desire or frequency,

such as it is, of Americans going abroad, is only worthy of notice in so far as to point a moral. The moral is that local attachment is a good thing—in its way. To argue that Americans should not visit Europe to spend money, see, learn and enjoy the bigger or concentrated world lest they be "spoiled," is simply to say that they should get into ruts and stick there, and on this "privilege" the citizen so unfortunate as to be born in O-h-kosh would be for ever debarred from calling on us in this beautifully situated metropolis. No! Americans visiting Europe do good there and bring back home much that is good, too. Are there not always enough Americans on Broadway? Let more go abroad.

### GARFIELD'S WORK NOT ENDED.

IN the dark evening of the most glorious day which ever dawned upon the world, there were faint hearts which sighed, "We trusted it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," not knowing that they spoke prophetic words. Their Master had died, but he was Israel's redeemer none the less. And so of him who to-day lies dead beneath the tears of a whole nation. What hopes had been built upon his administration! What prophecies of distrustful factions reconciled, of old wrongs righted, of misunderstandings cleared away! He it was, we trusted, who should have done all this; his, we had thought, was the true artist-hand which should deftly shift to their fit place in the beautiful mosaic of our nationality those precious fragments which were so rudely scattered twenty years ago, and which so many bungling hands have since tried in vain to set together.

And are these prophetic hopes indeed proved false? Has Garfield, dead, no more to do for his country? Is the story of his fifty years completed?—the last leaf turned, the book sealed up? That which is true of no life which ever went out from earth is infinitely less true of his. His soul goes marching on. The spirit which animated his life has but exhaled from the bruised and broken body to become the inspiration of countless other lives. It has become its own inheritor, and taken up the legacy of the work he left undone. To gather into one those who, for twenty years, had been at variance; to unite them, not with the facile attachment of a childhood which ignores the future storms which will imperil its friendships, but with the firm allegiance of men whom the storms of life have taught a closer and heartier fealty—this was the evident mission of our twentieth President; this is now the sacred inheritance of every American citizen.

Perhaps no man ever called to the Presidential chair was more signally fitted for the duty of the hour. It was vitally essential that the Chief Executive should be a man who could see both sides, while yet holding strong convictions of his own, and animated with all the courage and the ardor of those convictions. Such a man was James A. Garfield. No one better than he could put himself into the place of another, recognizing his inherent rights and justly appreciating his accidental disabilities. The struggles of his early life, with which the world is now so tenderly familiar, had made him intensely sympathetic with humanity; and yet no one more fully than he recognized the truth that sympathy must ever be subordinated to duty, that the great principles of right and wrong are before all individual rights and wrongs.

Thus, the very largeness of his views, the grand scale of obedience to eternal law upon which he worked, made it impossible for many, even of his friends, to understand him. His designs, foreshortened by their point of view, seemed to many of them faulty and disproportioned to the exigencies of the case. And the time was too short for him to complete them and show the world a finished picture; so that even yet it may seem to many to be confused, crude and faulty. But to the nation now looking upon his unfinished work, there comes some gleam of the light of eternity. Through the rift in the heavens by which he has gone, a momentary celestial brightness has revealed it in its just proportions, and in all its prophetic beauty; and the nation takes up its legacy of unfinished work with a truer understanding of its nature, a more solemn realization of its duties, and a better hope of its final completion, than it could ever have known if Garfield had not died.

### THE WORLD-WIDE SYMPATHY.

IT may be said with truth that the entire civilized world sympathizes keenly with us in our great national sorrow. From all lands, and from the most unexpected quarters, come messages of condolence. Far and wide over Europe cathedral bells were tolled, and the emblems of mourning have been displayed. The most graceful and touching tribute of all is that of Queen Victoria, in ordering the British Court into



mourning—an act altogether unprecedented, and therefore all the more significant and valuable. England's Queen has always held a high place in the esteem of Americans; but the tender sympathy she has manifested with the nation, and especially the wife of the murdered President, from the beginning to the end of the recent tragedy, has exalted her to a vastly higher niche in the popular affection and regard. Indeed the whole English people have displayed a spirit of friendship and sympathy in our trouble which illustrates more strikingly than any manifestation of the century the sincerity and depth of the kinship which knits together the two great English-speaking nations of the globe.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation in Ireland is not essentially changed. It is no longer disputed that it is the purpose of the Land League to secure legislative independence rather than peace and prosperity. During the defection of the tenantry Mr. Parnell appeals to the laborers to follow him in a wider socialistic campaign, while he incites the tenants by promises that he will abolish landlordism. He declares his intention to head the laborers if the tenants fall off, and the former seemed disposed to follow his lead. In the late League convention he secured the adoption of a resolution calling upon the farmers to allot half an acre of land for every twenty-five acres in their possession to the use of their laborers, or, as an alternative, to give them the grass of one cow. This will prove a bitter dose for the tenant farmers, but they will probably swallow it to prevent the laborers from going over to the landlord interest. Mr. Forster, in a recent letter makes it very plain that the release of the Irish "suspects" will depend entirely upon the course of the outside friends. He says their release would be immediate if it could be done without endangering public peace. If the Land Act be given a fair trial, the state of the country may soon be so improved as to enable the Government to release the suspects, but as yet there are only partial signs of improvement. Outrages are still frequent, the law is still resisted, and there is still an organized system of intimidation. While this continues there can be no general liberation. The wisdom of this decision will be disputed only by the agitators who persist in denying the restraints of wholesome and necessary law.

The French are taking the offensive in Tunisia. At Sghouan a war contribution has been levied upon the inhabitants who had displayed a hostile temper, and an order has been issued that any Arab found armed will be shot. The idea of occupying the capital of Tunisia has been abandoned. Troops are concentrating at Mavouba, whence the advance on Kairouan will be made. Kala Grande has been occupied after an obstinate struggle. It is becoming more and more apparent that the war upon which France has entered must be fought out to the bitter end; and costly as the enterprise may prove, it will undoubtedly be pushed to a successful conclusion. The force already under orders for the field of conflict is sufficient to obliterate every Tunisian Arab who may resist it, and that will be the outcome if that barbarous people shall persist in opposing the logic of events.

The negotiations of Germany for a *modus vivendi* with the Vatican are still in progress. The Vatican demands the abolition of the trial of ecclesiastical causes by the civil courts, unrestricted control of religious teaching by the clergy in the schools, and permission for the expelled orders to return to the country. Each part will be considered separately, but it is difficult to see how some of the concessions demanded can be acquiesced in by Bismarck.

There is a sensation in Vienna over the publication of certain official documents in relation to the recent meeting of the Czar and Emperor William at Gastein. The documents, which are believed to have been stolen, represent that the meeting has inspired the Czar with an increased sense of tranquillity and contentment. Bismarck recommended great caution and moderation in devising international measures against nihilists and socialists. Both emperors favored peace. It is stated from another quarter that negotiations have been reopened between Germany, Austria and Russia in order to revise the treaties regarding the extradition of refugees. England and France, who at first declined to support the Russian proposals in the well known circular note will be again invited to join in the discussion of the question.

The tide of immigration flows in with unabated volume. In one day last week 31,900 immigrants arrived at this port just in time to unite in the nation's tribute to the dead President, whose career illustrated to them the grandest possibilities of American citizenship.

Although to use the Wall Street phrase, the death of President Garfield had been "discounted" in advance of the event and prices actually advanced after the long suspense was over, the ultimate effect upon the financial situation is still an interesting question. No man on the Street is better qualified by experience and observation to intelligently forecast the future than Mr. Rufus Hatch, whose views upon the financial outlook appear in another part of this paper. Nothing which Mr. Hatch says is ever dull and in the present emergency there is unusual piquancy and pertinence to his remarks. His inquiries of the executive officers of one of the largest cor-

porations will arrest attention, since they represent similar queries which might profitably be asked of almost all the corporate magnates of the city. It is not to be expected that these inquiries will receive direct and categorical answers, but, by watching events and the signs of the times as they are disclosed, careful observers will make conclusions substantially correct.

THE Governor of Minnesota has called a special session of the State Legislature, to consider the subject of adjusting the railroad bonds in such a way as "will protect the credit and honor, and subserve the welfare of the State." It is to be hoped that the Legislature will rise to the height of its opportunity, and vindicate the good name of the State by providing for the payment in full of all of its honest obligations.

ANOTHER appeal for aid in behalf of the sufferers by the Michigan forest fires has been issued by the Governor of the State. Fuller details of the calamity show that there is urgent need of immediate assistance, the extent of the privation and suffering in the devastated district being even greater than originally reported. New York has contributed liberally to the relief fund, but we have not yet done all that the occasion requires of us. Let not the hand of charity stay its gifts.

THE odds appear to be in favor of the Democrats in the Ohio canvass. They are certainly doing more effective work than the Republicans, who are embarrassed by the temperance and other questions, and seem to be dispirited at the general outlook. If Governor Foster should be defeated now, after a long line of successes, the party would probably conclude that it has no other use for him, and permit him to fade out of the firmament in which he has so long shone with more or less of lustre.

THE political campaign in Virginia is becoming intensely bitter and personal, and resorts to "the code" for the settlement of accumulating disputes are freely threatened by heated belligerents. One bloodless duel has indeed, already been fought. The methods of the campaign are for the most part keyed on a low plane, and appeal very largely to prejudice and passion, rather than to the intelligence and patriotism of the voters. Both sides claim to be confident of victory, but it is becoming more and more evident that, no matter who may win no important principles will be settled by the result.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts last week nominated the present State officers for reelection, and adopted a declaration of principles which in some respects in advance of the general party policy. They declare, for instance, in favor of legislation which shall give the country "a currency having one standard of value that of the gold dollar." To secure this they demand that the coinage of silver dollars of less intrinsic value than the gold dollar shall be stopped and that the law making paper money a legal tender shall be repealed. These explicit declarations on a question which has been only too generally evaded are eminently timely, and it is to be hoped that the doctrine they embody may at no distant day be adopted by both political parties.

It is suggested by a contemporary that Congress should appropriate the full salary of the unexpired term of the late President Garfield to his family. The country would undoubtedly approve such a course, but the act would be in violation of precedents. In the cases of Presidents Harrison Taylor and Lincoln Congress voted to their families the full Presidential salary for one year and nothing more, and probably, it will not be considered wise to go beyond this in the present instance, especially as the popular fund in aid of Mrs. Garfield and her orphaned children will, no doubt, be made up to \$3,000 or \$4,000. Certainly if there is a possibility that a movement for the appropriation of the full salary would be resisted by a single vote in Congress, it would be more grateful to the relatives of the deceased that no steps in that direction should be taken.

THE people of San Francisco are to be congratulated upon their emancipation from the rule of a aloof and the-and lot ruffians who so long disgraced them in the eyes of the country. The triumph of the law-and order element in the recent election was complete, every conspicuous representative of the "Hollidum" Party being decisively beaten. Among those who were effectually snuffed out was the Democratic candidate for sheriff, who has filled this office for the last two years, and who has made himself specially odious by heaping official favors upon young Killoch, the murderer of Le Young. It is understood that Reverend Killoch will come East this Winter on a lecturing tour, but his sun has set, and he will find only the coldest of welcomes awaiting him in any community where his career is known.

A VERY lively struggle is in progress between the Stalwart and "Half-breed" Republicans of New York for the control of the State convention soon to be held. In some of the counties the scramble has been characterized by great bitterness, and a resort to all manner of disreputable artifices resulting finally in divided delegations and an aggravation of the factional spirit which has existed for years. It is quite apparent that Mr. Conkling and his henchmen do not mean to go to the rear so

long as there is the slenderest chance of recovering the supremacy temporarily lost and it is not impossible that, in the altered conditions of our politics, they may succeed in defeating the real sentiment of the party, and rehabilitating the "machine." It may as well be understood, however, by all concerned, that the arrogant "bossism" which so long affronted the better sentiment of the State, can never again acquire, permanently, absolute sway. There are thousands of Republicans who will resist by their ballots any consummation of that sort, and the conscience of the country, quickened by the terrible events of the last few weeks, will reject everywhere, any and all attempts to reintroduce the "boss" system in politics, the throttling of which was the conspicuous feature of the dead President's brief administration.

THE opinions of Senator Fayard, of Delaware, are always entitled to respect, and what he said in a recent interview as to the future of our politics possesses a special interest, in view of his commanding position on the Democratic side of the Senate. He said: "The country is coming under an Administration for which it has in great measure prepared itself. There will be no crisis nor any evil resulting from it." He and every Democrat in the land give Mr. Arthur their best wishes for his success; and, said he, "It is my policy, above all things, not to embarrass the new Administration, and I will assist it in everything I believe to be right and just. The Democrats will assist the Administration in all good government; but if the new President takes steps to create a cabinet officers who will cease their prosecutions of the Star-route thieves, then not only the people, but the Democrats in Congress, will antagonize the Administration."

BUILDING operations are going on in New York City on a scale of great magnitude. According to statistics furnished by the *Herald*, there were, from the 1st of January down to the end of August, applications for permits to erect 1,303 new buildings, at an estimated cost of \$32,743,105, and for alterations to 1,220 buildings, at a cost of \$3,336,486. These aggregates, including both new buildings and alterations are in excess of those of any entire year in the city's history. Many of the structures in progress are of exceptional importance and costly. One, in the financial centre, will cost \$1,000,000, another \$550,000, and so on. Among the private residences advancing towards completion is one which will cost \$400,000; three others on which jointly \$2,500,000 will be expended and a large number which will cost from \$50,000 to \$400,000 each. Among the new buildings in prospect which will be conspicuous even among the prominent existing structures, is the new Produce Exchange, the cost of which, including the site, will be some \$3,000,000. It may be added that there have been erected in Brooklyn, since the 1st of January last, 1,313 new buildings at an estimated cost of \$6,010,128.

GREAT BRITAIN has paid at a costly rate for the maintenance of her prestige in Africa and Afghanistan. A return just issued shows that the net cost of the Afghan war has been \$122,472,415, of which \$25,000,000 was defrayed out of the British exchequer. The same return shows that the cost of the several South African wars between 1875 and 1880, inclusive, was as follows: Transvaal war, \$12,000,000; Zulu war, \$24,610,700; Sekoceni expedition, approximately, \$900,000; and the war in Griqualand West, \$1,111,000. The total number of officers and men killed including those who died of their wounds and wounded in these Afghan and African wars was: Killed—officers, 172; men 3,008. Wounded officers, 162; men, 2,011. In the Afghan war alone, which has resulted at last in the abandonment of the field and of everything practically, which is a sad result, the number of lives lost was 1,608.

THE Cabinet-makers are diligently at work, and if General Arthur is without a mind of his own and disposed to accept advice, he need have no difficulty at all in securing a Cabinet of almost any variety. It is quite well understood that certain Stalwart leaders have been more than willing at any time during the last month to take this matter out of the hands of the new President but he has utterly refused to consider the subject, and they have been compelled, therefore, to await the more favorable opportunity which has now arrived, and which they are not slow to improve. We suspect that President Arthur, appreciating fully the solemn responsibility which has devolved upon him, will select his Cabinet without much reference to the suggestions of the small manipulators who have thrust themselves upon him. Of course, the present Cabinet will remain temporarily in office. Presumably, the President may invite Mr. Fish to assume his old position of Secretary of State, and, should he decline the portfolio may be tendered to ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Perhaps he may wish Messrs. Windom and Lincoln to retain the positions they now hold. It would be well if he would insist upon Mr. McVeagh continuing as Attorney-General until, at least, the Star Route cases are disposed of. The country would be glad, on the same ground to see Mr. James retained as Postmaster-General. But the whole matter may be safely left where it belongs with the President himself, who is henceforth responsible to the country for the policy of the Government, and who will naturally select such advisers as may seem to him most in accord with his purposes and best able to carry them out successfully.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

AN extra session of the United States Senate has been called to meet on the 10th of October.

THE Molly Maguires are reorganizing in the Pennsylvania coal regions, and fresh troubles are anticipated.

THE fifty-sixth annual session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows was held at Connecticut last week.

THREE bills of indictment have been found against the alleged forger and bigamist, T. A. Marvin, by the Grand Jury at Richmond, Virginia.

THE subscriptions to the Mrs. Garfield fund, up to Friday afternoon last, amounted to upward of \$275,000, and it is expected that it will reach fully \$500,000.

A TERRIFIC hurricane visited Clare County, Michigan, on the 21st. Great damage was done to property; in one place over 3,000,000 feet of timber were blown down.

THE first executive act of the new President, it is said, will be a measure of reform, namely, the dismissal of two postmasters who are suspected of malfeasance in office.

KING KALAKAUA reached New York from Liverpool, accompanied by his staff, on the 3d. He proposes a general tour of the country before returning to the Hawaiian Islands.

THE Governor of Rhode Island has issued a proclamation summoning the Legislature to meet on September 27th to elect a Senator to fill the vacancy caused by Senator Burdette's death.

THE White River Utes have left the lands on which they were placed by the Ute Commission and have returned to their former settlements. They declare their intention to remain, and have already killed two settlers. An outbreak is expected.

UNDER the laws of the District of Columbia, Guitau, the assassin, can only be tried for assault with intent to kill. It is scarcely doubted by good lawyers that the State of New Jersey has ample jurisdiction to try the murderer for his real crime. The question is, how to get him within the State.

CITIZENS of Denver have started a movement to raise funds for a Garfield monument, to be erected in Washington. Their idea is to limit the subscriptions to \$25 each. They invite other States to follow the example. A large amount is already promised, but the subscription list has not yet been placed before the public.

A PASSENGER train on the Iron Mountain (Mo.) Railroad was robbed on the night of the 23d, by five masked men, who halted and boarded the train, forced the express messenger to open the safe, and then proceeded to rob the passengers. They obtained \$18,000 from the safe. It is claimed that the total loss will not fall short of between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

A LIBERAL move for free education has been made in Georgia. The House passed a Bill devoting the net proceeds of money paid the State Fertilizer Inspectors to the public schools. The Senate amended by adding the net proceeds of convict labor. If the Bill is passed by both Houses, as it probably will be, nearly \$450,000 will be added to the school fund.

THE Wisconsin Republican State Convention last week nominated General J. M. Rusk for Governor. The platform denounces polygamy and declares that, while corporations must be encouraged, there must be no further subsidies granted to railroads. It recommends legislation by Congress relative to the counting of the electoral vote, and also legislation settling the question of Presidential liability.

AT the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga last week, a committee was appointed to secure funds and a plan for a monument in honor of President Garfield. During the meeting several thousand ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers marched to Cameron Hill, where requiem exercises were held. Subsequently joint memorial services were held on the court-house grounds.

##### Foreign.

A TERRIFIC gale on the Danish coast has caused great destruction of property. Twenty ships and smacks are afloat, reported lost.

THE delay of Cherif Pasha, the new Premier of Egypt, in naming a *pro-tem* for the dispersion of the troops begins to cause uneasiness.

IT is stated at Belfast that the tenants of Charles S. Parnell's brother, in Armagh, have decided to appeal to the Commission under the Land Act for a reduction of their rents.

THE Grand Jury of London, Ont., have thrown out the bills for manslaughter against the captain and the manager of the ill-fated steamer *Victoria*, which capsized on the river Thames last Summer.

AT Copenhagen the authorities have been informed that Nihilists and Fenians in America have arranged to ship infernal machines to that city for shipment to Russia and England.

A FLYING column has completed two hundred evictions at Mitchelstown, twenty five miles northeast of Cork, Ireland. The tenants, except in about a dozen cases, paid their rent and were reinstated.

THE Scottish Chamber of Agriculture have drafted a scheme for a Land Bill for Scotland, providing for an adjustment of rents by arbitrators, a revaluation of farms, and for power in the tenant to sell his holding.

MR. ELLIS LAYNE, of Manchester, England, has suggested to Mr. Shaw, the American Consul at that city, the establishment of an international college, to be called the "Garfield University," as a memorial to the late President, and offers to contribute \$5,000 towards its erection.

THE action of the French Colonel Negrier in destroying the tomb of Sidi Cheik is approved in Algeria, and a subscription is being raised to present that officer with a sword of honor. Outside the colony, however, his course is generally condemned. "Never," says the *Paris* correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, "was a more wantonly and barbarously committed the desecration of a shrine that was held in the utmost veneration by the entire Mohammedan world, and which was visited by pilgrims."

AT the opening of the Spanish Cortes King Alfonso announced that the Government will submit Bills modifying the economic administrative organization, increasing the revenue and unifying the redeemable debts at a fixed rate. They will thus succeed in balancing the budget. Negotiations will be carried on with the State creditors in a way to arrive at an arrangement favorable to all. There will be reforms in the departments of Marine, War, Public Works and Agriculture, and a revision of the penal and civil codes and the education laws.



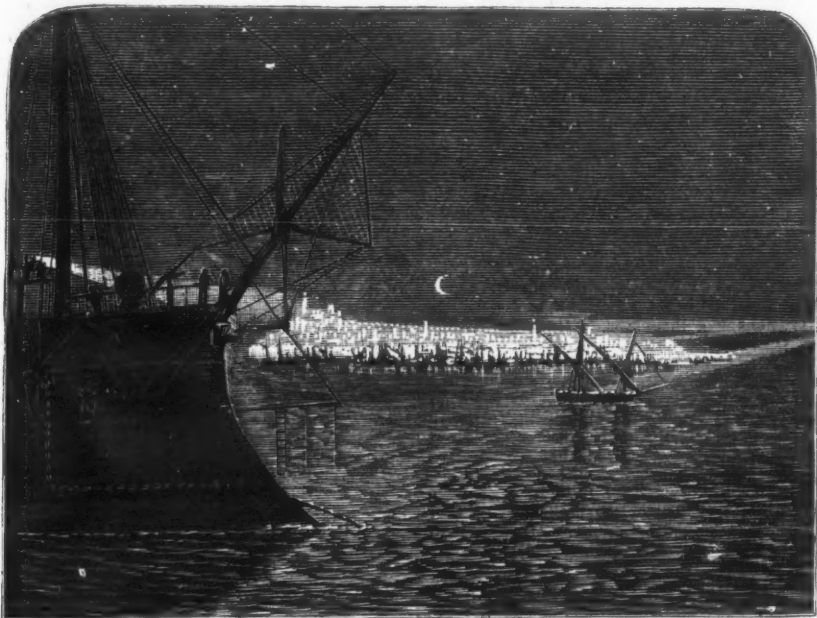
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 91.



ENGLAND.—NEW COURT-HOUSE AND POLICE STATION, LONDON.



INDIA.—THE NEW POST-OFFICE AT BOMBAY.



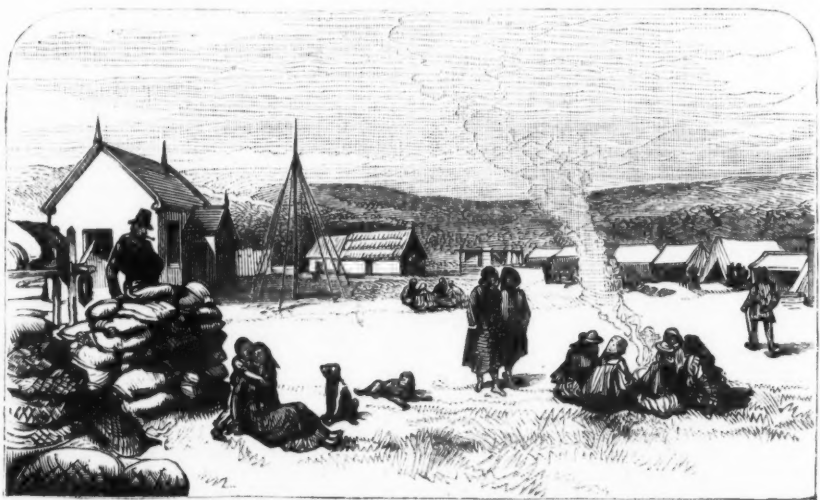
TUNIS.—THE CITY OF SOUSE UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON.



GERMANY.—TOURISTS AT THE PETROLEUM WELLS AT GELHEIM.



NEW ZEALAND.—A MAORI PARLIAMENT IN SESSION AT ORAKEI.



NEW ZEALAND.—VIEW OF ORAKEI, IN THE PROVINCE OF AUCKLAND.

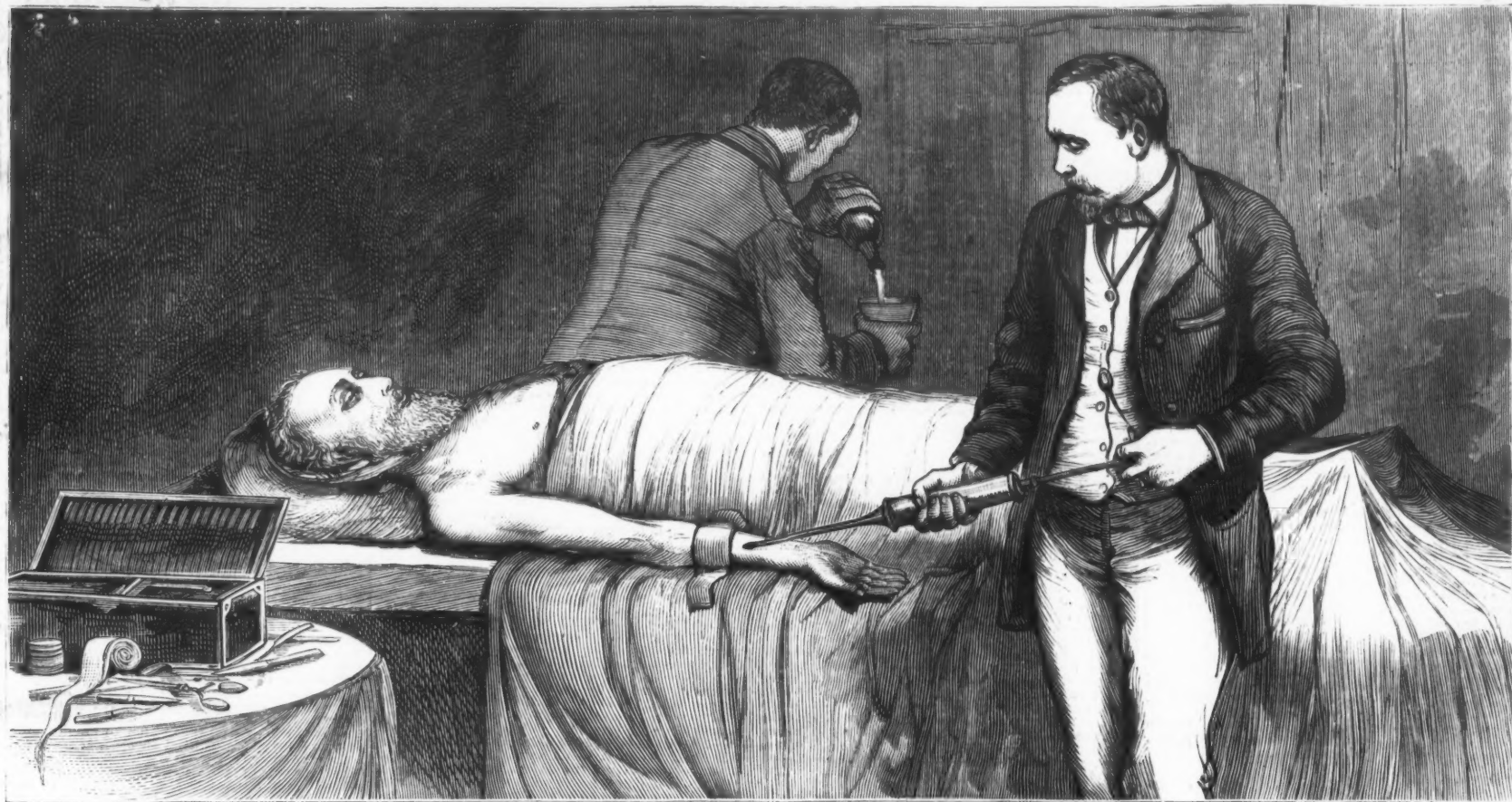


RUSSIA.—"RECOLLECTION MONDAY" IN THE SMOLENSKI CEMETERY, ST. PETERSBURG.



ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF EXHIBITS FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS, VENICE.





EMBALMING THE BODY OF THE DECEASED, ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 20TH.

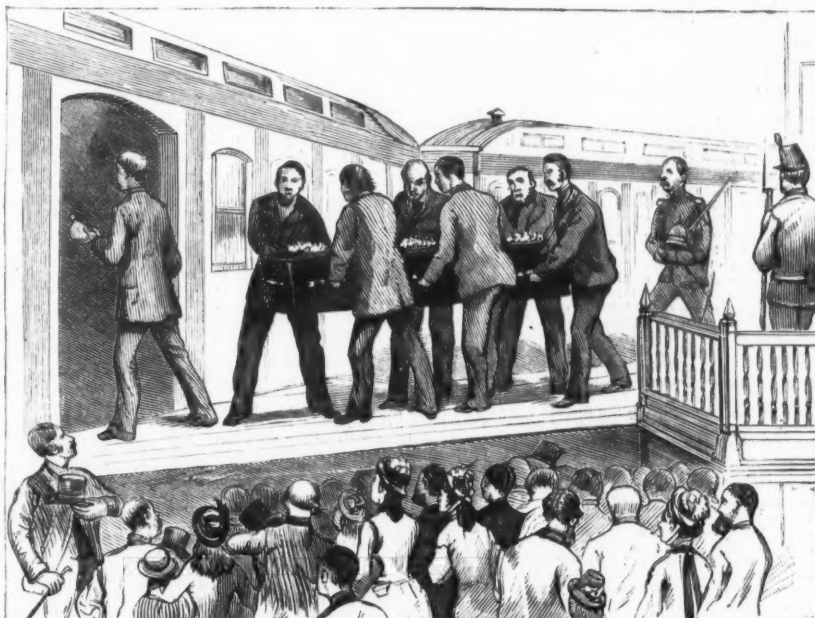
## DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

## THE NATION'S GREAT AFFLICTION.

THE suddenness of the death of President Garfield seems to have been more surprising to his physicians and attendants than to the public. So few were the minutes that elapsed between the actual loosening of life's bonds and the dissolution that his most constant watchers were, for a time, unable to realize the fact that this most remarkable struggle was at an end.

On the fatal night it was the turn of his old companion-in-arms, Judge Advocate-General Swain, to watch the President. He had been with the sufferer a good deal of the time from three o'clock in the afternoon. A few minutes before ten o'clock he left Colonel Rockwell, with whom he had been talking, for some minutes in the lower hall, and proceeded up-stairs to the President's room. On entering, General Swain found Mrs. Garfield sitting by the bedside. There were no other persons in the room. He said to her, "How is everything going?" She replied, "He is sleeping nicely." He then said, "I think you had better go to bed and rest," and asked her what had been prescribed for him to take during the night. She replied that she did not know; that she had given him milk-punch at eight o'clock. The general then said: "If you will wait a moment I will go into the doctor's room and see what is to be given during the night?" She replied: "There is beef-tea down-stairs. Daniel knows where to get it."

General Swain continued his narrative: "I then went into the doctor's room. I found Dr. Biles there, and asked him what was to be given during the night. He answered: 'I think I had better fix up a list and will bring it in to you pretty soon.' I then went back into the sick-room and had some little conversation with Mrs. Garfield. She felt the President's hand and laid her hand on his forehead and said: 'He seems to be in a good condition,' and passed out of the room. I immediately felt his hands, feet and knees. I thought that his



TRANSFER OF THE REMAINS TO THE FUNERAL CAR, AT ELBERON.

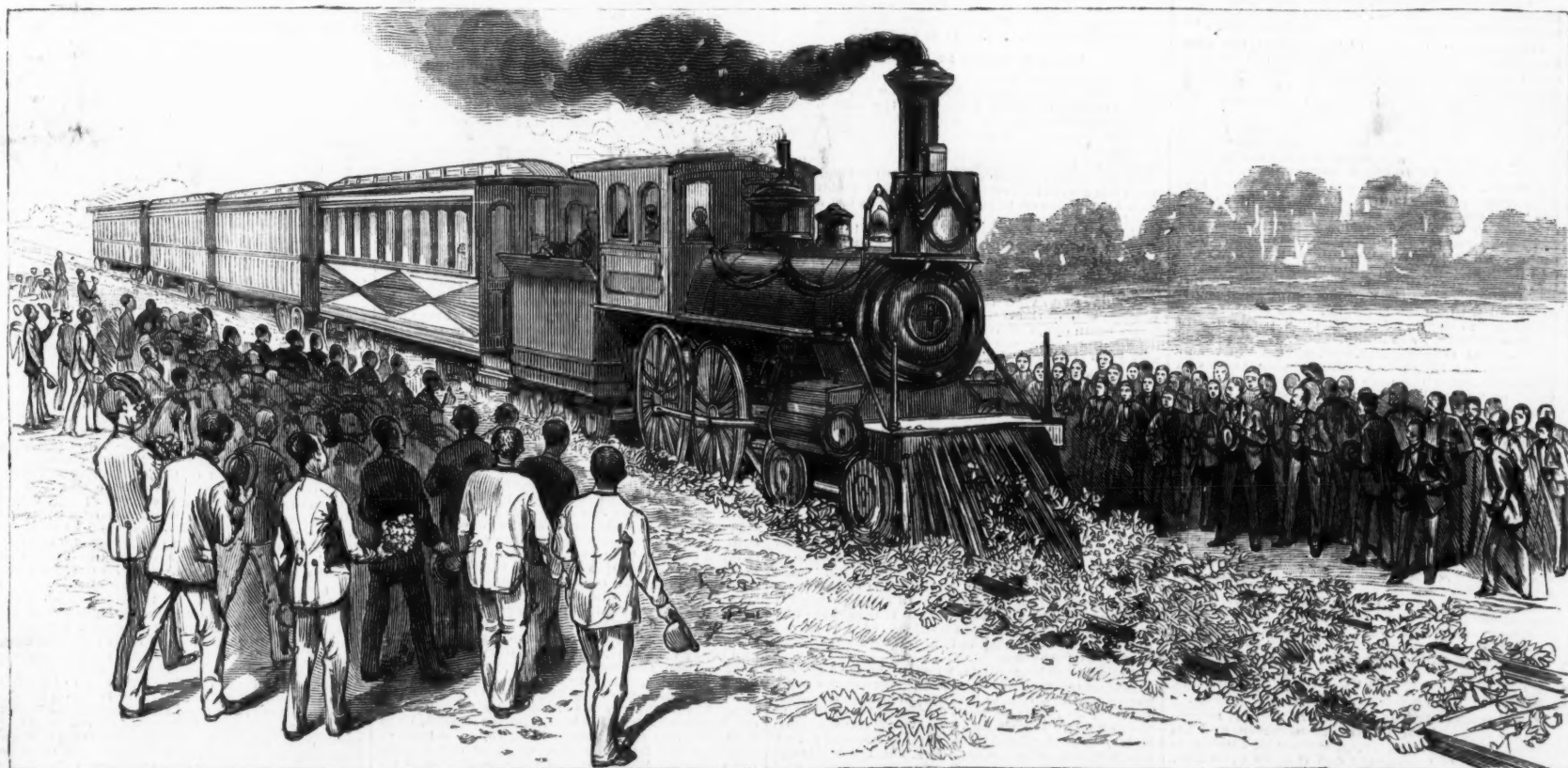
knees seemed somewhat cold, and got a flannel cloth and heated it at the fire and laid it over his limbs. I also heated another cloth and laid it over his right hand, and then sat down in a chair beside his bed. I was scarcely seated when Dr. Boynton came in and felt the President's pulse. I asked him how it seemed to him. He replied: 'It is not as strong as it was this afternoon, but very good.' I said, 'He seems to be doing well.' 'Yes,' he answered, and passed out. He was not in the room more than two minutes. Shortly after this the President awoke. As he turned his head on awakening I rose and took hold of his hand. I was on the left-hand side of the bed as he lay. I said, 'You have had a very comfortable sleep.' He said, 'Oh, Swain, this terrible pain,' placing his right hand on his breast, over the region of the heart.

"I asked him if I could do anything for him. He said, 'Some water.' I went to the other side of the room and poured about an ounce and a half of Poland water into a glass and gave him to drink. He took the glass in his hand, I raising his head as usual, and he drank the water very naturally. I then handed the glass to the colored man, Daniel, who came in during the time I was getting the water. Afterward I took a napkin and wiped his forehead, as he usually perspired on awaking. 'He then said, 'Oh, Swain, this terrible pain! Press your hand on it.'"

"I laid my hand on his chest. He then threw both hands up to the side and about on a line with his head, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Swain, can't you stop this?' and again, 'Oh, Swain!'"

## THE DEATH-RED SCENE.

"I then saw him looking at me with a staring expression. I asked him if he was suffering much pain. Receiving no answer, I repeated the question, with like result. I then concluded that he was either dying or was having a severe spasm, and called to Daniel, who was at the door, to tell Dr. Biles and Mrs. Garfield to come in immediately, and glanced at the small clock hanging on the chandelier nearly over the foot of his bed and saw that



THE TRIBUTE OF THE STUDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE—THE RAILWAY TRACK STREWN WITH FLOWERS.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—INCIDENTS AT ELBERON AND ON THE ROUTE OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN.  
FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.



It was ten minutes after ten o'clock. Dr. Bliss came in within two or three minutes. I told Daniel to bring the light—a lighted candle behind a screen near the door. When the light shone full on his face I saw that he was dying. When Dr. Bliss came in a moment after I said, "Doctor, have you any stimulant; he seems to be dying?" He took hold of his wrist as if feeling for his pulse, and said, "Yes, he is dying." I then said to Daniel, "Run and arouse the house." At that moment Colonel Rockwell came in, when Dr. Bliss said, "Let us rub his limbs," which we did.

"In a very few moments Mrs. Garfield came in and said, 'What does this mean?' and a moment after exclaimed, 'Oh, why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?' At half-past ten P.M. he breathed his last, calmly and peacefully.

"At the final moment the following persons were present: Mrs. Garfield and Mollie, Drs. Bliss, Agnew and Boynton, General Swain, Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, J. Stanley Brown, C. O. Rockwell and Daniel Spriggs."

Dr. Bliss acknowledged that the President's death was a complete surprise to him. Before leaving his patient to write out the directions of the night for the watchers, the doctor inquired of the President how he felt, and the reply in his usual cheerful tone, "Pretty well." On reaching the room after being summoned by General Swain, Dr. Bliss found the President was in an unconscious condition. He placed his ear over the heart and the lungs and could only detect a faint flutter. Pulse he had none. Dr. Bliss at once gave him hypodermic injections of brandy in the region of the heart without effect. He was lying on his back, with his head thrown backwards, and there was not a tremor or movement of the body.

The physician-in-chief also said: "It is impossible to state when the moment of dissolution came. He was dead by twenty-five minutes of eleven."

The effort with which Mrs. Garfield controlled her feelings was seen in the fixed lines of the face as she arose and went from the room. At the door of her chamber she broke quite down for the first time. She sobbed aloud, and in her first burst of grief shut herself alone in her chamber. She remained thus alone for perhaps three minutes, and what new strength she got in brief communion with God was seen in her brave and resolute face as she came back to the bed where her dear husband lay. Dr. Hamilton, with a woman's gentleness, had closed the eyelids. Mrs. Garfield sat down by the bed. There she sat for nearly three hours.

On the arrival of Secretary Blaine, who had been taking a few days' rest at his home in Augusta, Me., he sent the following cable dispatch:

"Lowell, Minister, London:

"James A. Garfield, President of the United States, died at Elberon, New Jersey, at night at twenty-five minutes before eleven o'clock. For nearly eighty days he suffered great pain, and during the entire period exhibited extraordinary patience, fortitude and Christian resignation. The sorrow throughout the country is deep and universal. Fifty millions of people stand as mourners by his bier. To-day, at his residence in New York, Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President, took the oath of office as President, to which he succeeds by virtue of the Constitution. President Arthur has entered upon the discharge of his duties. You will formally communicate these facts to the British Government, and transmit this dispatch by telegraph to the American Ministers on the Continent for like communication to the Governments to which they are respectively accredited. BLAINE, Secretary."

Besides the telegrams sent to-night through Mr. Lowell to the European Legations, Secretary Blaine has communicated the official announcement of the death of President Garfield and the accession of Vice-President Arthur to the Presidency of the United States to the legations in China, Japan, Mexico, and in all of the South American States accessible by telegraph.

The Secretaries of War and the Navy also issued official notifications of the two events, and, besides, ordered the observance of the ceremonies prescribed for the death of the commander-in-chief.

#### VICE PRESIDENT ARTHUR TAKING THE PRESIDENTIAL OATH.

Vice-President Arthur was notified of the sad event a few minutes after midnight, by the following telegram:

"Hm, Chester A. Arthur, No. 123 Lexington Avenue, New York:

"It becomes our painful duty to inform you of the death of President Garfield and to advise you to take the oath of office without delay. If it occurs with your judgment, we will be very glad if you will come down on the earliest train to-morrow morning."

"WILLIAM WINDOM, Secretary of the Treasury.  
"WILLIAM H. HUNT, Secretary of the Navy.  
"THOMAS L. JAMES, Postmaster-General.  
"WAYNE McVEAGH, Attorney-General.  
"S. J. KIRKWOOD, Secretary of the Interior."

To which he replied as follows:

"I have your telegram, and the intelligence fills me with profound sorrow. Express to Mrs. Garfield my deepest sympathy. C. A. ARTHUR."

Acting upon the advice of the Cabinet, the Vice-President determined to take the oath as soon as it could be administered to him. Accordingly District Attorney Rollins, Police Commissioner French, Mr. Elihu Root and Dr. Van Wyck, who were at the Vice-President's house, started out to find a judge. The search was divided, District Attorney Rollins and Mr. Root going in search of Judges Davis and Brady, while Dr. Van Wyck and Mr. French were assigned to look for Judge Lawrence, District Judge and Van Vorst. It was decided before the party left that whichever Supreme Court Judge should first reach General Arthur's house should administer the oath of office to him. At two o'clock Mr. Rollins and Mr. Root returned in a carriage in company with Judge John B. Brady. The gentlemen were at once admitted, and Colonel J. C. Reed, the private secretary of General Arthur, appeared shortly afterwards. A few minutes later Dr. Van Wyck and Mr. French drove up with Judge Donohue. The entire party proceeded to General Arthur's front parlor where the new President was found. Judge Van Vorst greeted the General very warmly, and after a short conversation, the Judge took from a table nearby a book containing the oath of fealty to the Government, and administered it to the successor of General Garfield as follows:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States; and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The room in which the new President took the oath of office is shrouded with books. In the centre is a table, and the carpet is dark. Paintings by old Italian masters, in Etruscan frames, adorn the walls, and a bust of Henry Clay is in the corner, nearest one of the windows. The furniture is covered with white cretonne, and easy-chairs and sofas abound.

Immediately after taking the oath President Arthur sank into one of the chairs in the room and buried his face in his hands. He was thoroughly overcome. After a few minutes he arose and went up to the second floor for rest.

#### PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S CALL OF CONDOLENCE ON MRS. GARFIELD.

On Tuesday afternoon President Arthur, accompanied by Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln, and his private secretary, took a special train for Elberon to make a call of condolence and respect upon Mrs. Garfield. The train arrived at Elberon at nine minutes past one P.M. There was a rush of bystanders to the edge of the platform. Attorney-General McVeagh, Postmaster-General James and Secretaries Windom and Kirkwood advanced to the rear platform of the last car. Mr. James went first. The gentlemen and ladies in the car rose to receive the representatives of the Cabinet. A mo-

ment afterwards Messrs. McVeagh and James came out of the car. They were closely followed by Secretaries Kirkwood, Windom and Lincoln. Next came Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Lincoln. Then President Arthur appeared, leaning on the arm of Secretary Blaine. President Arthur was dressed in black, and his looks were downcast. Two soldiers from the artillery camp, wearing only their side arms, stood near the head of the stairway leading down to the carriages that awaited the President and his suite. The soldiers gave him the military salute, but he raised his hat as a civilian in acknowledgment. The party were driven to Mr. McVeagh's cottage.

At half-past three o'clock the towering form of the new President was seen descending from the piazza of the cottage by the side of the Attorney-General. The party were slowly across the lawn back of the Elberon directly towards the Franklin cottage, receiving and acknowledging the salutes of the sentries as they passed. A young man anticipated their arrival by opening the door of the cottage for them, and they disappeared inside. They had been in the cottage just five minutes when the throng, which still stood regarding the cottage with expectant interest suddenly noted the passage of ex-President Grant across the lawn. He had emerged from the Elberon without at first attracting attention, and was admitted to the cottage as the others had been.

At a quarter to four o'clock the three callers emerged together. General Arthur was seen to dry his eyes with a handkerchief. General Grant and Attorney-General McVeagh fixed their gaze upon the ground. At the door of the cottage there was a separation, but no word was spoken or sign made. General Grant retraced his steps to the Elberon, while General Arthur and his companion walked back to the McVeagh cottage. At four o'clock the President returned to New York.

#### THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.

At four o'clock the autopsy was begun, in the presence of all the surgeons, and of Dr. Andrew H. Smith, of Elberon, who was called in to guard against any possible reflection upon the veracity of the report. With the surgeons who had come from Washington was Dr. Lamb, who is Dr. Woodward's assistant in the Medical Museum and has a reputation for exceptional skill in dissection. At seven o'clock lights were called for, and it was thirteen minutes of eight before the autopsy was finished. Mrs. Garfield was at first violently opposed to the idea of an autopsy, but, on being informed that the law required it, and that it was necessary to justify the doctors and complete the medical record of the case, gave a reluctant consent. The following is the official announcement of the result of the autopsy:

"By previous arrangement a post-mortem examination of the body of President Garfield was made this afternoon, in the presence and with the assistance of Drs. Hamilton, Agnew, Bliss, Barnes, Woodward, Reuben, Andrew H. Smith, of Elberon, and Acting Assistant Surgeon D. S. Lamb, of the Army Medical Museum, Washington. The operation was performed by Dr. Lamb. It was found that the ball, after fracturing the right seventh rib, had passed through the spinal column, in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts, and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted. The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest complained of just before death. An abscess cavity, six inches by four in dimensions, was found in the vicinity of the gall-bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound. A long, purulent channel extended from the external wound between the lumbar muscles and the right kidney, almost to the right groin. This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to have been the track of the ball. On an examination of the organs of the chest evidence of severe bronchitis were found on both sides, with broncho-pneumonia of the lower portions of the right lung, and, though to a much less extent, of the left. The lungs contained no abscesses and the heart no clots. The liver was enlarged and fatty but free from abscesses. Nor were any found on any other organ, except the left kidney, which contained near its surface a small abscess about one third of an inch in diameter. In reviewing the history of the case in connection with the autopsy, it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured, spongy tissue of the vertebra, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed."

"D. W. BLISS, FRANK H. HAMILTON,  
"J. K. BARNES, D. HAYES AGNEW,  
"J. J. WOODWARD, ANDREW H. SMITH,  
"ROBERT REUBEN, D. S. LAMB."

#### LYING IN STATE AT ELBERON.

An official notice having been issued on Tuesday night that an opportunity would be afforded the public to look upon the body early the next morning, the lawn around the cottage was thronged as early as seven o'clock, and by half-past eight there were probably three thousand persons standing looking at the cottage door and waiting for the moment when they could enter. At half-past eight the word was given, and from the crowd which had been kept at a distance to the steps of the house a line was formed between sentries.

The murdered President was laid out in the suit of clothes which he wore on Inauguration Day. His left hand lay across his breast, after the manner he had in life. This was done in order to make his resemblance as near to life as possible. The body was exposed to view in the hall hallway on the western side of the cottage. The casket was perfectly plain one, covered with black cloth, the only ornaments being the heavy silver bars that run along the sides and the silver plate having the following inscription:

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

Born November 19th, 1831.

Died President of the United States,  
September 19th, 1881.

Two large and beautiful leaves of the cypress palm, sent by Mr. John Hoey, lay across the foot of the black coffin, typifying heroism. The face of the President was exposed by the turning down of the upper part of the coffin lid. It was terribly changed from its appearance before his illness, so much so that very many who had known him in life said in hushed tones, "I would not recognize him." Not only was the emaciation appalling, but the lines drawn by suffering were given in his face until it was haggard beyond description. It is said that he had fallen away almost two-fifths of his usual weight, and it was easy to believe this from the appearance of the face.

A number of journalists, who had been so closely watching the President's case all these weary weeks, were given an opportunity to first view the remains. Then for an hour only were the people admitted to the hallway. At half-past nine o'clock Chief Justice Waite, Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Secretary and Mrs. Windom, Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, Postmaster-General and Mrs. James, Secretaries Lincoln and Kirkwood and Attorney-General McVeagh arrived at the Franklin cottage, and the doors were closed. In addition to the Cabinet officers and their wives there were present only the members of the family and attendants and a few personal friends, numbering in all not more than fifty individuals when the brief religious services, conducted by the

Rev. Charles J. Young, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Long Branch village, began.

The services consisted merely of reading portions of Scripture and the offering of a prayer, the whole not occupying ten minutes. After the service the undertaker's men fastened the lid to the coffin and bore it out through the dining-room to the large piazza overlooking the sea. Thence led by Colonel Rockwell they carried it over a bridge made of the same stout planks that were used when the sick man was brought into the house to the funeral car, where it was placed on the low and unostentatious rest which had been prepared to receive it. The funeral train had been backed up a little while before to the sea front of the cottage on the temporary tracks which, at the cautious suggestion of one of the Cabinet members, had been allowed to remain.

#### THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

The train was composed of an engine, a baggage-car, the funeral car, the private car of President Robert, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a car for the attendants. After all the luggage had been put on board the coffin was carried by the undertaker's assistants into the funeral car. This had been draped in mourning and lined on the inside and on the ceiling with black cloth. Near the ceiling a line of festooned flags had been made, and the chandeliers were draped with serge. The coffin was placed in the centre of the car on a low platform that had been prepared, and the twelve soldiers who composed the guard of honor took their places around it. Mrs. Garfield, heavily veiled, was escorted to her car, into which went also Harry Garfield, Miss Mollie Garfield, Colonel Swain, Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Lulu Rockwell, Dr. Boynton and Mr. C. O. Rockwell. In the next coach were the members of the Cabinet and their wives, and in the next were Private Secretary J. Stanley Brown, Colonel H. C. Corbin, Executive Clerk Warren S. Young, Mr. John Jamison, Mr. J. R. Van Wormer, Mr. Higley Hunt, the son of Secretary Hunt, Mr. F. E. James, the son of the Postmaster-General, Secretary Lincoln's private secretary, Mr. Jay Stone, and the personal attendants upon the President and Mrs. Garfield.

At precisely ten o'clock the wheels of the train began to grate along the rusted tracks as the train moved around the short curve off of the lawn no faster than a man might walk. The great crowd then moved away to the hotel or hurried to the Elberon station. On the train track two special trains were awaiting the arrival of the funeral train. One was a Central Railroad of New Jersey train, and its use was over when it drew up alongside of the funeral train to show President Arthur and ex-President Grant, whom it had brought from New York, to step across to the funeral train, in which they were to go on to Washington. The other special train was made up of a locomotive and one car. In the car were Governor Ludlow and staff, of New Jersey, whose purpose it was to escort the special train through the State as a mark of respect. Within an hour after the funeral train arrived at the station it moved off southward bound to Washington, drawn by locomotive 6-8. It was followed at a safe distance, after a proper lapse of time, by the New Jersey train.

#### THE SAD JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

The train left Elberon at 10 o'clock, and passed Ocean Grove at 10:45 A.M. The railroad for half a mile on both sides was lined with people. On the platform of the depot were from four to five thousand ladies and gentlemen. As the train passed the men stood with uncovered heads, absolutely silent. The bells tolled. The train passed Sea Girt at 10:25 A.M., Monmouth at 10:25, and Monmouth Junction at 11:25. Here it stopped for three minutes. There were three hundred students from Princeton at the Princeton Junction, and the train was strewn for a hundred yards with beautiful flowers. The train left Princeton at 11:34. Trenton was reached at 11:49. An immense crowd of people had assembled. The men took off their hats and the women bowed their heads as the train went by. Many persons were affected to tears. At 12:05 the train reached Bristol, and stopped for water until 12:08. It passed North Pennsylvania Junction at 12:33, Manassas at 12:40, and West Philadelphia at 12:44. From Elberon to West Philadelphia is thirty-four miles. The train carried the President from Washington to Elberon in this distance in two hours and seventeen minutes; the return journey occupied two hours and forty-four minutes. As the train passed West Philadelphia a large crowd filed Market Street, along the top of the Grays Ferry Tunnel, waiting for its passage. The best of order was kept, and expressions of sympathy and sorrow were heard on all sides. The train passed Chester at 1:08. At Lanokin the train stopped for water and coal, leaving there at 1:18, and Linwood at 1:23. At Wilmington, Del., 1000 people had gathered, and the bells were tolled. The train arrived at Bay View at 3:15 P.M., stopped to change crews, and left at 3:19. About one hundred people were present. The train passed Baltimore, where there was an enormous gathering, at 3:28 P.M. The people uncovered as the train passed, preserving the most respectful silence. Only three or four persons on the train were visible, the curtains of the cars being closed. Washington was reached at 4:41 P.M.

#### REMOVING THE REMAINS FROM THE CAR.

The special train was preceded by the limited express, which is due in Washington at four o'clock. Upon it were Dr. Woodward, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Lamb, Senator Jones, of Nevada, who joined the party on the special train at Gray's Ferry; Senator Kellogg, Frederick Douglass and other prominent gentlemen. Soon after it reached the depot it was taken away, and the terminus of the track was made clear for the train, which was close behind it. Upon the platform were long lines of Army and Navy officers, led by Gen. Sherman and Rear-Admiral Nichols. The station was heavily draped in mourning, and the streets around it were thousands of people, and the military and civic bodies which were to form part of the escort. The windows of the adjoining houses and hotels were filled with men and women. Upon one side of the platform, within, on which the Army and Navy officers were standing, was a train which was soon to start for Alexandria. From it a clear view of the coming train could be secured, and for this reason it was filled with persons who had bought tickets for the sole purpose of getting to the depot. The gates separating the platform from the terminus of the railway were besieged by thousands, who sought entrance, but sought in vain. Within the station persons were pointing out the place where the President had fallen under the assassin's bullet. Upon one side of the railway track stood a huge mail wagon for the city post-office, with some of its bright surface hidden by black drapery. Broad bands of crape encircled the arms of the waiting officials and covered the hilts of their swords. There was but little talking. At 4:29 the special train was seen rounding the curve below the station, and almost immediately afterward it slowly entered the depot. All heads were uncovered as the heavily draped engine and cars rolled in. For a moment there was no sound. The crape-covered train seemed to be a messenger from another world. Then the widow of the President, heavily veiled and in deep mourning descended from one of the cars, assisted by Secretary Blaine, whose pale face and heavy eyes betokened the suffering through which he has been passing. Then came the President's son Harry. Supported by these two, one upon each side, the noble woman walked slowly toward the exit. These three were followed by Gen. Swain, Col. Rockwell, Mrs. Rockwell, Mollie Garfield, Lulu Rockwell, and other members of the little band of relatives and friends whose untiring devotion to the suffering President has become known to all the world. In the group were Dr. Boynton and Marshal Henry, arm-in-arm. The doctor, sadly worn by sleepless watching and anxiety, seemed to be struggling to suppress emotion which threatened to overcome him. The honest face of the sturdy Marshal was gloomy and despondent. Next these was the tall form of President Arthur, and

close at hand were Chief-Justice Waite and ex-President Grant. The members of the Cabinet completed the party. Then the coffin containing the body of the President was taken from the car and placed upon the shoulders of eight United States artillerymen, who bore it slowly toward the gate just before reaching the street they halted, and then, from the band in waiting outside, came the strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" played with rare tenderness. The occasion was one that brought tears into many eyes. When the last note had died away the coffin was placed in the hearse, the mournful party entered carriages, the Army officers formed on the right side, and those of the Navy on the left as a guard of honor, and the march began.

#### THE PROCESSION TO THE CAPITOL.

The hearse was drawn by six gray horses, each attended by a groom, and the younger officers marched at a trot of the horses, while the seniors were opposite the coffin. General Sherman, as chief officer of the army, brought up the rear of the sixty-four Army officers, and Rear-Admiral Nichols was in the last row of the naval officers. They were followed by a battalion of United States Artillery and the band of the Second Regiment, National Guard, the Marine and their famous band, then the various organizations of the District militia, and bringing up the rear several communities of Knight Templars. The procession moved through the great crowd which had from early in the afternoon lined the sidewalks leading from Pennsylvania Avenue to the depot, and were pressed tightly against the rope barriers which had been put up. All ranks and conditions of life were represented, but like all crowds in Washington, it was large yet composed of the colored element. The people were singularly quiet. There was very little noise, even during the long period of waiting. Large as was the assemblage on Sixth Street however, it was no until one turned it to Pennsylvania Avenue to go to the Capitol that he realized what an immense outpouring of people the occasion had brought. From Sixth Street to the foot of Capitol Hill both sidewalks of the broad street were lined with a solid mass of humanity. As the procession moved on the people fell in behind it. The crowd in front of and around the Capitol were even larger than at the depot. When the first sound of the muffled drums of the approaching cortege was heard, a rush was made for the front of the building and all the spaces from which anything could be seen were soon densely packed. Men even climbed upon the pedestals of the statues. The grounds around the building were a mass of people, and it was all that the large force of police could do to keep an open space for the military and the carriages that escorted the body.

At precisely 5:10 the head of the sad procession arrived at the Capitol. The officers of the army in a hazy drew up in parallel lines on either side of the hearse. The Marine band played solemnly with much sentiment, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as the remains of President Garfield were borne into the Rotunda and placed upon the catafalque; the Senators and Representatives preceding and trailing themselves on each side of the bier. Close behind the casket walked President Arthur and Secretary Blaine, who were followed by Chief Justice Waite and Secretary Windom, General Grant and Secretary Hunt, Secretary Lincoln and Attorney-General McVeagh, Secretary Kirkwood and Postmaster-General James, Colonel Rockwell and General Swain, Colonel Corbin and Private Secretary Brown. At 5:35 the lid of the casket was opened, and the face of the late President was exposed to view. President Arthur and Secretary Blaine first approached and gazed upon the face of the dead, and then slowly and sadly passed out of the hall. One by one those present advanced, and glanced at the emaciated and discolored face of the dead President. The public at large was then admitted.

#### LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA.

The Capitol building was plainly and unostentatiously decorated in black. Large streamers were flowing from its massive proportions on the east and west fronts and at the north and south wings the pillars were wrapped and festooned, and the exterior of the dome was encircled at proper intervals with the material of the day. The grand circular colonnade surrounding the first circuit of the dome was heavily draped, although it appeared insignificant when viewed from the plateau so far beneath it. Upon the interior the decorations were of a more extensive character, although, of course, nothing but black figured in the display. The Senate Chamber was closed, and no attempt was made to decorate it. The House of Representatives was elaborately draped. The desks and chairs had been piled upon either side the aisle leading from the corridor to the speaker's desk. The paintings on the walls were hung in drapery, and large black streamers reached from the seats in the gallery, falling in arches over the doors leading from the lobby and into rooms into the floor of the House. Officials of the House had this done upon their own responsibility. However, the House and Senate were practically shut off from the Rotunda by temporary partitions, covered with black cloth, placed across the north and south doors of the Rotunda.

The great point of interest was the Rotunda, where the body of the late President was laid in state. It is circular in shape, is 100 feet in diameter, and has a stone flagging pavement. There are four revolutionary and four historical oil-paintings covering the wall a few feet above the floor. They are about twelve by twenty-eight feet in size, and are covered a top with black cloth, the ends hanging down about five feet below the frame. At all the lower corners, rosettes are attached, and graceful streamers flowing from them. Black bands and festoons cover the inside of the dome at each of the projecting capitals. The four doors are capped and gilded in folds of crape. The east door, through which the cortege passed, was more elaborately festooned than any other point.

In the centre of the Rotunda was placed the catafalque, which is about three feet above the floor. It is the same one that held the casket inclosing the remains of President Lincoln, and has been stowed away in the crypt of the Capitol for the past sixteen years. It consists of a platform about a foot high, twelve feet long and six feet wide. Upon this is another platform two feet high, three feet wide and nine feet long. The lower platform is covered with perfectly black Brussels carpet. The sides and ends of the upper platform are covered with heavy black corded silk. Around the upper edge is silk fringe and tassels three inches long. Over this and midway between the top of the catafalque and the bottom platform are two silver moldings running around the sides and ends. The top, upon which rests the coffin, is covered with black cloth.

At the further end of the catafalque were some beautiful floral decorations. There was a broken column of white roses of the Marshall Nell variety, about three feet high, surmounted by a white dove with wings outspread, as if in the act of alighting. Next came a lovely design representing "The Gates Ajar." The columns were of the same white roses, and the bars of the gate were of variegated white and green. The gate-posts were surmounted by globes of immortelles. Next to this was a crown of white roses, the points being tipped with fern, which gave it a pretty and fresh effect. Beyond this was a bank of white flowers from which sprang a column, on which was perched a white dove. Upon the bank of white as worked in green the words "Our Martyr President." At each end of the floral display was a wreath of ivy leaves lying on the floor. There was sent from the British Legation a massive wreath, one of the most beautiful ever seen in Washington. It came in obedience to orders telegraphed from the Queen, and the accompanying card bore the following touching and significant inscription:

"Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American Nation.  
"September 23d, 1881."

(Continued on page 91.)



## A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

ESTELLE sat dreaming in the perfumed stillness, quite unconscious of the picture she made—a pre-Raphaelite maiden, against a background of gray rock and purple and crimson lights, with her uncovered hair and luminous eyes, looking into an enchanted world. Her large shade hat was lying beside her, her feet were set all amongst tiny mountain blossoms, bright as jewels, shining out of moss enamel. It was so still that the girl might have been all alone in this world of nature. Only the tinkling of an occasional goat-bell in the ravine below and the brawling of the torrent, subdued to a musical rhythm and swell, broke the silence. And Estelle dreamed her dreams undisturbed.

A thin screen of trees divided her from the steep road, the only access to this mountain eyrie, up which the great lumbering diligence came toiling presently, two or three of its passengers—merciful men and merciful to their beasts—stepping laboriously along in its wake. Estelle looked up as they passed; the quick crimson flashed into her cheeks as she described one figure, taller, slighter, more distinguished than the rest, marked by that wonderful, indefinable *cachet* which makes one being—"he"—supreme above all the rest of the world, set on a pedestal, shrouded in a niche apart from his fellows in the sanctuary of a woman's heart of hearts.

"Miss Verney! You here? Of all places in the world!" exclaimed that arch-hypocrite, Tempest Mervyn, as he strode through the trees to where Estelle sat.

She had only time to put her hat on—its protecting shade gave her confidence. "Why not?" Estelle answered, determined that her voice should not tremble, although the exasperating color which spread to her temples was beyond her control. "The pass is as free to us as to you, is it not, Mr. Mervyn?"—with a little nervous attempt at sauciness.

"At least, I congratulate myself that it came in the way of both of us at the same time," Mervyn replied, just as if he had not been following on the track of the two ladies for the last two or three days, and just as if Mademoiselle Florine had not dropped her itinerary at every hotel on the route, like Hop-o-my-thumb's white pebbles in the nursery tale.

"What an exquisite evening this is!" was the gentleman's next and not very original remark.

They had wandered out of the little wood now, and down the road, quite unconscious either of them whither they were going, descending all the time until they halted on a bridge. They stood there, looking down at the torrent which foamed and dashed below and up at the precipices which rose above, gray, frowning, tremendous, with dark hollows here and there where pine trees clung and foaming torrents flashed. Away in the distance, seen through a vista of towering mountains, the rose-flush still lingered on the white face of a snow-crowned giant; all around them was silence, solitude, repose.

"It is beautiful—sublime!" Estelle faltered, suddenly, with a little breathless gasp of wonder and awe in her voice.

"Yes," he answered, low, moved, as she was, by the scene.

Then they paced slowly back again up the path, silent and satisfied, until they came to the cluster of pine-trees again; and both knew that the hotel was close at hand, and this brief spell of delicious freedom nearly over.

"Miss Verney—Estelle," Tempest Mervyn exclaimed; then with a rush, "shall I—may I tell you why I have come here?"

Something like an electric shock ran from her head to her feet. She stood still; her breath came and went hurriedly; to save her life she could not have uttered a word in immediate reply.

"I have followed you for three weeks," he said, his voice trembling in spite of his efforts to steady it, "in order to—say something to you, and now—now," he broke off with an attempt at a laugh, "now I declare I am afraid to say it!"

He was mad with himself the next moment. Was this the way to woo a woman—to tell her he was a coward? He was a fool, and she seemed to think so. She did not speak; she kept her face resolutely turned away from him: the little ungloved hand clutched the crimson knitted kerchief she had not yet fastened round her throat. If she would only look at him! He could read his fate in her eyes, he—

What must she think of a fellow who acknowledged himself beaten before he made his venture? "She is a woman, therefore, to be wooed—a woman, therefore to be won," came into his mind—ay, won, but by him? That was the momentous question. He had all the humility of a true lover, this bold soldier who had outwitted madame and followed his love so far and so long. Now that he was about to cast his all on the die, he forgot the looks and tones, the sudden sweet blushes, the shy downcast eyes, which had seemed to mean so much to his hopes, which appeared such a slender foundation, now that his fears were uppermost.

"I have loved you since the first hour I saw you," he said, at last, speaking low and solemnly in the shadow of the pines, as if he were in church.

She did not speak or move. "I am a presumptuous fool," he cried, bitterly, "for telling you so. Forgive me, Miss Verney. I had to say it somehow. It was too strong for me—Estelle," Tempest Mervyn added, with a sudden step forward, where he could look into her face, "Estelle! My own, my darling!"

And then in the shadows of the pine-wood the old, old story was told.

A quarter of an hour later a young gentleman and lady came up the pass, walking as if on air. Florine was standing at the door of the little hotel, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked forth anxiously.

"Madame has dined," she said to Estelle. "We searched everywhere for mademoiselle. It must be that mademoiselle is hungry. Will she not eat now?"

"No, thanks, Florine. Tell madame I have gone to my room. I have a headache. I—"

"It is the air," Florine said, gravely, with the admirable discretion of a French *femme de chambre*.

"What can I say? You have my best wishes, my regard, my esteem. My niece is honored by your proposal; we thank you for it, Mr. Mervyn; but, until General Mervyn has been apprised of the matter and communicates with me as Miss Verney's guardian, of course it must all remain in abeyance," madame, in her half-foreign way, explained to the impatient lover. "You will understand how unfair it would be to my niece, to yourself—"

"Oh, as to me!" the young man interrupted, hotly.

Madame waved her white hands with a charming smile.

"My dear friend," she said, "it is for Estelle's sake. I stand in the place of her mother; I must act as her mother would. When General Mervyn ratifies the engagement, I shall not be found wanting. But, in the meantime we cannot call it an engagement. Of course my niece remains free; of course her name must not be compromised by any premature announcement. So much is due to her, you will perceive, Mr. Mervyn."

Mr. Mervyn acquiesced with a very bad grace, and madame had gained her point, which was time. She knew enough of General Mervyn—she had good reasons for knowing so much of him—as to be sure that he would never consent to the match; madame could afford to temporize. With time before her, the disastrous little *contretemps* might be checked, the thing would fall to the ground. Estelle would forget her foolish fancy and fulfill her more brilliant destiny. So madame argued, recovering from the first shock of the discovery that after all, the young girl's heart had slipped through her fingers.

"I may write," the lover pleaded, "in the meantime?"

"To me—yes," madame said, sweetly. "I am your friend; trust me. I will give you every detail of our life, of our history, in the meantime."

And with this Mervyn was forced to be content. He went back to England next day, and madame breathed freely again, and prepared for a new campaign. As for Estelle, her new happiness sufficed for her. He loved her! The weeks of shamed suspense, the pains and shames of maidenly love which had slipped like an imprisoned dove out of the hands of its mistress, were all over. The assurance which alone could make the sweet pangs endurable had come, and they were all justified. She could lay her head down upon the pillow now, and say "He loves me" with blushes which had no maidenly shame, no drawback or fear in them. "He loves me!" It was a joy ever present with her. She awoke to it in the morning and carried it with her all the day.

"La belle Anglaise is more beautiful than ever," the Parisian world said, when she reappeared with a new radiance of beauty amongst them.

"Something has happened to the dear child," Clara Wilmer remarked, musingly, as she read her letters.

"She writes happily; she likes her life," the rector said, calmly, laying down the page. "No, there is something more than that," the wife answered. "John, I believe she is in love."

"Then she would have told you."

"That depends. Perhaps it is not all settled yet, and she is in the first shyness of the thing. We shall hear by-and-by. You will see."

General Mervyn was intractable, as madame had concluded he would be. Tempest wrote hopefully, cheerfully, to madame. He would have his company ere long, and then his father would see the matter in a different light; or then he should be himself in a different position. He would recognize no difficulties, acknowledge no impossibilities—everything was possible to his love.

Madame answered, also hopefully, effusively, winning the young fellow's confidence and gratitude, and keeping Estelle unsuspecting and grateful, too, whilst she brought to bear all the resources on which she counted for undermining her constancy and for undoing all the foolish mischief of the summer. Surely no girl who had tasted the delight of luxury, who had enjoyed the triumphs and the splendor of a Parisian season, who could command rank, wealth, and pleasure—all the world's prizes, as madame counted them—would prefer a poor, mean future, a struggle with poverty and a nameless career!

This was how madame argued, leaving out the real essence of the question and quite mistaking the material on which she had to work.

Fate was hard upon the lovers that Spring. The young lieutenant was sent to Hythe for musketry instruction just when he would have taken his long leave; and all he could do was to run over to Paris for a short ten days at Easter. Madame received him with gracious smiles, but with a dismayed heart. Monsieur de Grandvilliers, rich, distinguished, the best part in Paris, was in Estelle's train, was seriously devoted; the world was beginning to whisper his admiration, the most brilliant prospects were opening out, even madame's ambition would be satisfied by them. Were they all to be clouded, ruined, by the appearance on the scene of this unfortunate in-

eligible? Madame brought all her tact and diplomacy to bear on the emergency; and the lovers, frustrated at every point, wondered, suffered and loved all the more for the strange tantalizing chances which seemed to conspire against their meetings—finally with a faint dawning suspicion of the cause.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," And dark stormy days—darker and more stormy than their worst fears—were coming upon these two. Their shadow was over Estelle as she stood fingering madame's English newspaper—which seemed at least to be nearer to her lover than any of the rest—and looking back on the bright days which were past and gone.

## CHAPTER VII.

"THEN, Mr. Mervyn, I must ask your best attention again whilst I repeat to you our theory of the case. It is very important that you should fully understand it," said the London lawyer, whom Sir James Armstrong had brought down in anticipation of the adjourned inquest, which General Mervyn's son was now pronounced by his medical adviser to be able to attend.

The young man sat, white and languid, in an armchair on one side of the library-table at Woodford Priory; the lawyer sat opposite to him, a number of papers spread out before him, his keen, acute, lawyer-like glances flashing rapidly from the memoranda in his hand to the face of his client.

"Our theory, then, is—robbery," he proceeded.

"Robbery! But my father's gold repeater, a very valuable one, and his pocketbook with a considerable sum of money in it, were untouched!" the young man interrupted, surprised.

"Precisely. I am coming to that fact. You left the General alone in his compartment at Woodford Station—he was probably the only passenger with a compartment to himself at that time, as the train was fuller than usual. The thief—murderer, I should say—gained access to him after you left, either in the ordinary course at Woodford Station—the officials remember nothing of the General, or of any companion he may have had on leaving there—or he entered it from the other side after the station had been left behind. The General was likely to make resistance."

"Very likely," emphasized the son.

"He was struck, then, at once. Death, according to the medical evidence, was almost instantaneous; he would have been quite unable to give an alarm after receiving the death-blow. The pocketbook was in his breast-pocket, the watch attached in the usual way to his waistcoat. The murderer, proceeding to possess himself of these, was stopped by the accident, which must have happened at that juncture. He may have escaped in the confusion—more than one person, according to the evidence of onlookers, was seen jumping from the carriages at the crisis of the catastrophe—or he, the murderer, may have been killed; from the condition in which the carriage was found, he could scarcely have escaped if he had remained in it. It was a complete wreck, as you may have heard."

"Yes," the young man assented.

"In that case, however," the lawyer pointed out, "the body would have been found near that of the General, probably entangled in the same way. I cannot learn, after careful investigation, that any other dead body was found in such close proximity to your father's as to make it probable that the murderer was killed with him. He may, however, have met his death in jumping from the carriage, according to our first supposition, or he may be amongst the wounded; or, again, he may have escaped altogether. Do you follow me, Mr. Mervyn?"

"I believe I do," the young fellow said, trying to rouse himself. "But, Mr. Pierce, it is rather strained, is it not—the time, the extreme improbability of the escape?"

"It is not for us to pick holes in our own defense," the lawyer suggested.

"Defense!" repeated the other.

"Well, yes. It may be as well for you to recognize, Mr. Mervyn, that there is another theory for which you must be prepared, which may be pressed at the inquiry presently. You—you were not on good terms with your father, I believe, at the time of his death?"

"We had a quarrel—a dispute, I should say—that day," Tempest answered, flushing deeply at the bearing of the lawyer's question dawned upon him.

"A serious dispute, was it? Pardon me for pressing the question."

"Yes, it was serious."

"And it was in consequence of this dispute that you left the carriage which the General occupied at Woodford Station?"

"Yes, in consequence of our difference, I suppose—but really I cannot say. I do not remember leaving the carriage. I am told I did so. I remember nothing but the quarrel. I was angry—I had reason; but I regret the whole affair now."

"You are quick-tempered?"

"Yes, I am passionate; so was my father—poor fellow!"

"May I inquire—do you object to say what caused the quarrel between you?"

"Yes; I should object decidedly."

"Was it money—debts—a very usual cause of difference between fathers and sons, as my experience tells me?" Mr. Pierce said, suavely.

All this time the lawyer's keen eyes, accustomed to read men's souls through and through, to pierce to the darkest and most safely hidden corners of thought and to drag forth and sift words and motives, were fixed upon the young office.

"No; it was not money," he answered.

"But you know that the General was overheard in the course of the dispute threatening to alter his will—to disinherit you, in fact."

(To be continued.)

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—FRANCE has 100,000 lunatics.

—THERE are 230,000 goats on the Island of Cyprus.

—THE Boston public library contains 291,338 volumes.

—OF the population of Ireland 76.6 per cent. are Catholics.

—THERE are 10,000 anti-polygamy Mormons residing in Iowa.

—THE annual raisin production of California amounts to about 62,000 boxes.

—IT is estimated that there reside in London, England, not less than 30,000 thieves.

—A NUMBER of Nihilist trials are announced to occur in St. Petersburg shortly.

—THE Czar has invited the Emperor of Austria to meet him this month at Warsaw.

—TRICKETT and Plained are to row a match race at St. Louis, October 8th, for \$500 a side.

—THE cotton factories of the South have, since the war, paid an average dividend of 22½ per cent.

—GREAT damage has been done to the crops in Scotland by continuous rain of twenty-four hours' duration.

—IT is announced officially by the health authorities at New Orleans, that there has not been a single case of yellow fever in that city this year.

—THERE are 300 educated female physicians in active practice in twenty-six States of our Union—the majority in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

—DURING August 66,744 immigrants landed in the United States. For the two months ended August 31st the total was 113,351, against 100,359 for the same period last year.

—THE Czar and the Emperor Francis Joseph will shortly meet. In Germany the opinion prevails that France has now lost all chance of securing an alliance with Russia.

—THE Humane Society of St. Louis has commenced a war on the city milk "dairies." Some shocking cases of cruelty to cattle have already been discovered and the owners will be prosecuted.

—THE Methodist Council in London closed September 20th. Appropriate resolutions were passed relative to the death of President Garfield. The next council will be held in the United States, in 1887.

—THE agitation for land reform is spreading in Scotland. The Aberdeenshire farmers are refusing to pay rent unless it is reduced. Threatening notices have been sent in Ross-shire to farmers who pay the full rent.

—A MOVEMENT which has just been set on foot by the Association of Railway Employes of Great Britain for a reduction of the period of work to nine hours a day has met with considerable objection from the boards of directors.

—IN the last session of the British Parliament there were no less than 410 divisions in all. Allowing a quarter of an hour for each division, this would represent over twelve days of eight hours' work consumed for divisions alone.

—THE Duke of Sutherland and a company of Englishmen have purchased sixty square miles of land sixty miles east of Sioux City, on the St. Paul and Omaha Railroad, for the purpose of founding a colony. They have a capital of \$12,500,000.

—AN exhibition of smoke-consumers and apparatus to burn smokeless fuel will be held in London on October 24th, 25th and 26th. Applications for space will be received at the British Legation, in Washington, during the remainder of September.

—ACCORDING to the report of the Finance Committee of the Connecticut Bible Society, in ninety-four towns which were canvassed there were found 1,493 Protestant families without a Bible, and 11,763 Protestant families the members of which do not attend church.

—THE Boycotting principle has found its way into Russia, where it is being applied to the Jews. The Germans residing in a district near Odessa have decided, by formal resolution, that any member of their community letting lodgings to the Jews shall be fined fifty rubles.

—THE inhabitants of Cloves, the ancient capital of Westphalia, which claims to be the birthplace of Lohegrin, the semi-mythical hero of the white swan, have resolved to perpetuate his memory in a handsome monument, the first stone of which has been laid with due solemnity.

—ONE thousand two hundred employes of the Old Colony Railroad have been examined for color blindness, in compliance with the new Massachusetts law, and forty engineers, firemen, conductors and others have been dismissed as having defective sight. Some of them were old and valued servants of the company.

—GREECE has ordered the construction of two magnificent mosques at the public expense, one at Athens and the other at Corfu, for the Mohammedan subjects of Greece, who will now frequent those cities. This act is intended to show the determination of Greece to reconcile and govern on equal terms the various races and creeds embraced in the ceded territory.

—A DISPATCH from Camp Thomas, Arizona, dated September 21st, says: "Sanchez, leader of the hostiles and of all the hostile chiefs, including the brother of Medicine Man, have unconditionally surrendered, together with all their bands, to the military, and ask only to be represented by counsel before the Military Commission. All of the hostile country is in the possession of General Wilcox's forces."

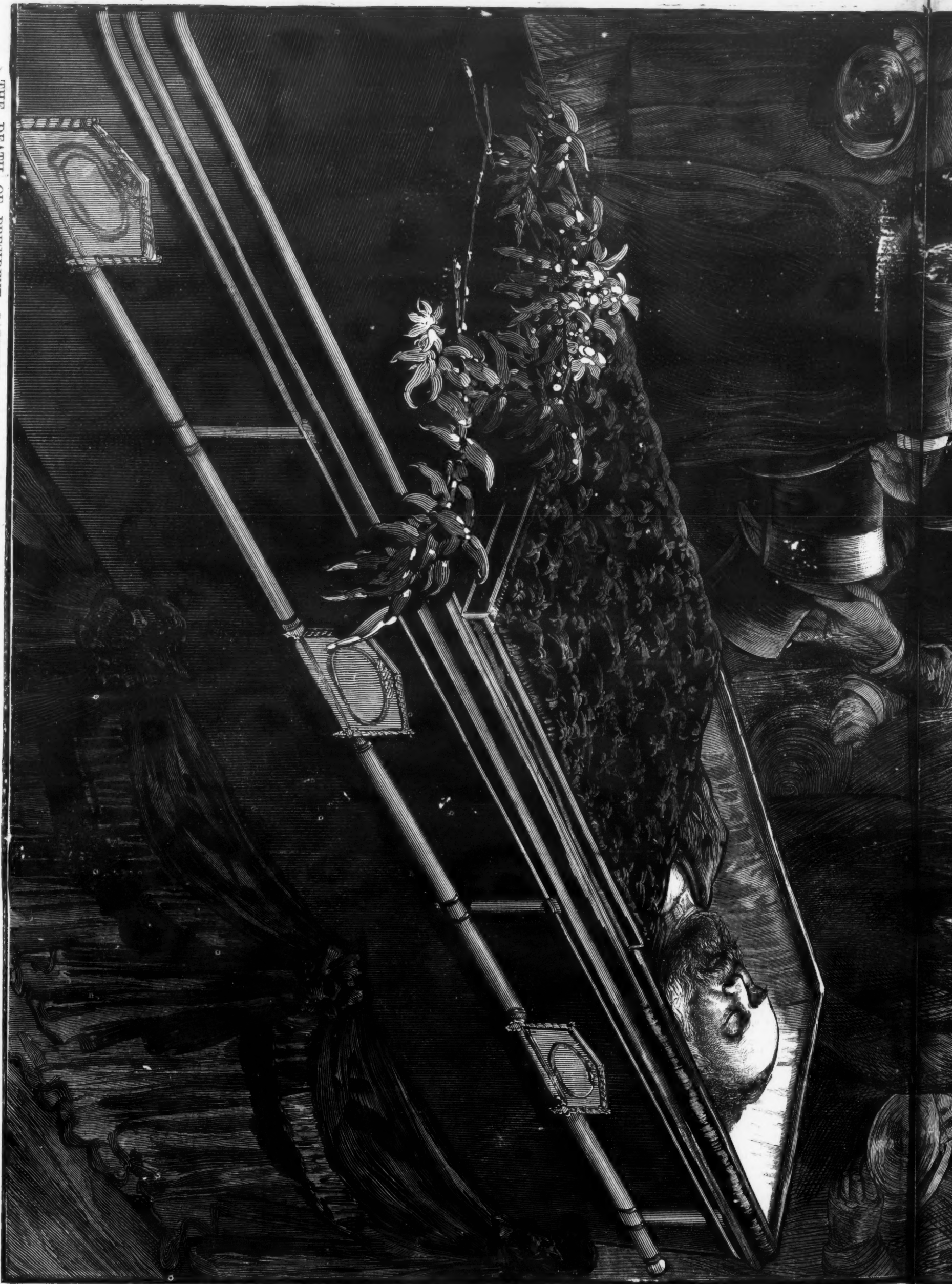
—A GREAT sensation has been caused at Bristol, England, by the discovery that a cargo of 300 tons of human bones is being discharged there to the order of a local firm of manure manufacturers. The bones were shipped from Redosta at Constantinople, and are supposed to be the remains principally of the brave defenders of Plevna. There are complete limbs among the horrible cargo, and in some cases the hair still adheres to the skull.

—THE restoration of the Cathedral of St. Mark's, at Venice, against which so loud a protest was raised in England, when it was originally proposed, has been partly effected. The mosaic work in the baptistry has been completely renovated, and the scaffolding is being rapidly taken down. The effect is said to be satisfactory, and Signor de Vecchi, of Rome, by whom the task was undertaken, asserts that he has simply used the old materials.

—MRS. MARY McELROY, of Albany, N.Y., who is spoken of as the probable mistress of the White House under the new Administration, is the wife of John E. McElroy, of Albany, and the sister of President Arthur. She is a lady of winning presence, and is noted both for her culture and for her social charms. Mrs. McElroy is not at all fond of display, preferring rather her own friends and intimate circle. Of late she has been calling often at New York to look after the household matters of Mr. Arthur. Mrs. McElroy has two children—a boy and a girl.



THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND SECRETARY BLAINE VIEWING THE REMAINS OF THE MARTYRED CHIEF IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 21ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 85.









## IN PACE REQUIESCAT.

I.  
Hush, hush, speak softly,  
The conflict now has reached the end;  
Life lies vanquished on the ground,  
Death with victor's wreath is crowned,  
Oh, angels stoop—Oh, God defend!

II.  
Toll, toll, toll, toll,  
Ye brazen bells of woe and dread!  
Thy requiem send throughout all lands,  
Sweep on to distant ocean strands,  
He lieth silent—lieth dead.

III.  
Gather, gather clouds,  
Oh darkest clouds of sombre night;  
Look the golden, smiling stars  
Safe behind thy prison bars,  
Grief wisheth not—nor beareth light.

IV.  
Droop, droop, Freedom's flag—  
Float not thy folds majestic, proud;  
Lie thou still across the breast  
Of him the country loveth best—  
It is a well-befitting shroud.

V.  
Yet, oh Columbia, free—  
Up from the Past there rings the cry:  
"God reigns—the Government still lives!"  
In the nation's heart, that honor gives,  
He "only sleeps," he cannot die.

## A DAUGHTER OF DESTINY.

BY H. WELLINGTON VROOMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

THEY have left me alone at last—doctors and nurses have gone. Thank God for a few hours untroubled by their whispers, which weary me more than shouts and laughter, or by their muffled footsteps and cautious movements, which seem to say to you, "Yes, yes, my dear young lady; we all know that you are ill, so ill that the least noise may do you harm; therefore, do you not see that each one of us is 'silence itself'?" I have driven away even the stilt figure which has sat beside the bed speechless motionless, since it happened, staring at me with dry burning eyes which maddened me. They took him away just now. He went as quietly as a child when the person in black whispered—what? That my mind was wandering, and that it would be better to humor me, I suppose. Perhaps they will keep him away now altogether, if I insist.

And now, will I have time to do what I wish? There have been but few things in life where I have failed, and now, at the end, I shall have strength enough for this—for that I am sure.

Yet to what use shall I put this paper and pen which they granted me? Is it to write a sermon or a will? I scarcely know, except that it is neither. This, the story of my life, shall be read at my funeral. Then he and all of them will see what fools they have been, and how, even to the last, I triumphed. They will stare and wonder, mumbling to themselves, "A judgment of God!"

Is it? Can God wreak vengeance on a creature of His own making? Why was I given love of power, of admiration, of wealth, of all that makes life worth living—and beauty great enough to win them at whatever cost, if He knew from the beginning what use I should make of His gifts? It would have been infinitely more merciful to have never given me life, if hereafter I am to suffer for ever—

But I am wandering from what I began to write. Such cant has always angered me, believing, as I have, that each one is the maker of his own life for joy or sorrow, failure or success.

Fool and blind that I have been! A puppet in the hands of destiny! I will go back to the beginning, and as I recall my early life year by year who can say but that it was fated? Can healthful fool grow from a sewer?

I was the eldest of four—the children of a Manchester cotton spinner. His name—but that does not matter. It was one common enough among the brutes of that smoke-acursed world. I was probably the first among them for generations who has been able to write our name or realize that we were, and strive to escape being the stones of this great mill which God—or the devil, made.

I was born high up under the eaves of a tottering tenement, reeking with the evils of uncounted years of filth and disease. My play ground, when I was able to walk, was a yard at the back separated from the yard of the opposite tenement by a ditch of stagnant, slimy green water, the common sewer of Paradise Row, as the dozen or more houses which hung upon each other for support were called. The row opposite, at the back, was felicitously named The Heavenly Rest; that at the front, across the narrow alley, Abraham's Bosom. The three together were sometimes called The Holy Trinity. No one seemed to see anything blasphemous in these strange names. Even the newspapers, when they took the trouble of mentioning some especially desperate affair or revolting crime committed there, made use of them.

They were in the heart of a district bordering upon the river containing innumerable crooked narrow streets, from which led still narrower courts and blind alleys. Here lived the poorest of the workers in the great cotton factories. It was the cesspool as well of the city and neighboring provinces into which a criminal once having dropped, was lost for ever to the sight of justice or the law. My mother, as I first remember her, still retained traces of what must have been great beauty, which even then had not been wholly marred

or bruised out. Her hair was thick and long, of a rich, deep black, in which, when she held me to her breast, and covered me with tears and kisses, I used to bury my hands and wonder at its smoothness and wealth. It was not often, though, that she found time to caress me. And soon it was cut off. To get it out of the way, she said. I have since understood. It was sold.

Her eyes were large and deep blue, almost violet in color, fringed with long, dark lashes. Sometimes when she looked at me, they would soften and fill with tears. But generally there was a desperate, hunted defiance in them which I wondered at and feared. They could blaze with anger—as I have seen sometimes—before which even my father, brute and bully as he was, would cower and sink away. As I remember her face when I was young, I think that my beauty is what hers once was, even to the strange combination of dark hair and eyebrows, with blue eyes and fair complexion. Two years after I was born the next child came, also a girl, but weak and deformed from birth. Then, within the next two years, two more were added—a girl and a boy—both of whom promised to be as ugly as every poor man's child should be. As each year went by, our condition—at the beginning most miserable—grew steadily worse, until, had it not been for me who was the only one she loved, I think she would have drowned herself in the ditch in the narrow space below us.

But she struggled on, for my sake, I think, when it would have been far wiser to have left us all to live or die as it might chance. My father was a skillful workman, a man of considerable ability in many ways, but one to whom the greatest evil in life was—labor; the greatest blessing—gin. For weeks together toward the last he would refuse to go to the factory, either disappearing altogether or lying home drunk, day after day. How we kept body and soul together in those times I don't know, with nothing but the miserable pittance mother could earn now and then. When barely five years old I was put in one of the mills, in the basement of which, together with perhaps sixty other children, I sorted cotton waste from six to six each day. My wages were two shillings a week. So the years went by until I was nine, when I was taken from the cotton waste to one of the spinning rooms, where I filled the shuttles. Here I heard of and became familiar with all the evil that has been since the world began.

Oh, ye preachers of God's word, who encourage ye men of wealth who sustain ye women of mercy and far-reaching charity, who watch over those pretty playthings called Foreign Missions whose work it is to save the souls of the Hindoo and the African, have you never thought that here at home—beneath the shadow of your churches are thousands of your own blood who are perishing for lack of that pure air which every heathen breathes; for want of the food which the poorest of the heathen have, who sink lower year by year in the pit of crime and pollution beside which the fetichism of the negro and the juggernaut of the Hindoo are pure and righteous?

But I am wandering again. I must be more careful of my time, else this will not be written to day the last I shall have. I will hurry on to the day which ended the first act of this my drama or comedy of life.

I seemed, strangely enough, to have thriven up it all, growing tall and straight and graceful, like some beautiful noxious plant upon the edge of a cesspool. Yet the world was a hell to me. I hated, loathed everything—the coarse, scanty food we ate, the miserable cotton dress I wore the mill, the city the people I saw, even my father and the other children—I hated them all. I would have run away a dozen times, but I was like one blind—I knew not where to go. Besides, I could not leave her—my mother—for I loved her.

During the last year, when I was thirteen, men would turn to look at me in the streets, saying as I passed:

"That girl of Jerry's 'll be mighty 'andsome one o' these days; but it's little good as it'll do 'im, poor lad! 'wot with 'is drinkin' hisself to death!"

And even their admiration pleased me, being one of those who draw their breath of life from words of praise and flattery.

One day—the day as I was coming home from the mill, a drunken laborer barred my way and tried to kiss me, but I flung him backward into the street, so that he fell, his head striking on the curbstone. As I stood staring down at him, an old hag, sitting on a doorstep, shrieked at me:

"Ay, ay, lass! ye've got the right kind o' sperrit—a wildcat's sperrit! That's right! don't let the likes o' 'im touch ye! Ye'll have the best o' the land at yer feet one o' these days, and then grind 'em—ruin 'em as they're ruinin' us! 'h, if I had a girl the likes o' you, I wouldn't be here long, but I'd be wearin' silks and drinkin'!"

Her voice died away as I hurried on. There was no feeling of shame at what she said, only the words, "Ye'll have the best o' the land at yer feet," kept ringing in my ears. As I crossed Lambeth Street an open carriage passed, nearly running over me. The horses stopped sharply. I looked up and saw two ladies sitting in it. One was quite young—perhaps not more than three or four years older than myself, of that delicate, colorless style of beauty which reminds one of a snow-blossom, which withers and dies in the sunlight. The other was of middle age, with aristocratic features and cold gray eyes.

I must have awoke at them, for the girl said to the other with a laugh:

"You needn't be alarmed, aunt; the little vixen is not hurt."

And the next moment they drove on, spattering me with mud.

I walked home slowly. "The best o' the land!" Such as that girl might do it—how could I?

Reaching our tenement, I climbed the rickety stairs, and, pushing open the door, went to the corner of the room where on a wooden shelf lay a fragment of looking glass.

Drawing back my hair, I looked at my face. Yes, I had grown prettier during the last year. I could see that. I was already fifteen in form and height. "If I could only be dressed like that girl in the carriage!" I thought, with sullen anger at them.

I was so absorbed in contemplating myself that a burst of laughter behind me made me drop the glass, which shivered at my feet. I turned and saw my father, who had not been home for several days, sitting by the table, a large stone mug of beer beside him. On the wretched bed in the corner lay Alice, my deformed sister, crying silently, her head covered by the ragged quilt. Beside her sat my mother, her face deathly pale, a bright red spot burning on each cheek. Where the other two children were I do not know—perhaps at the mill yet.

I understood at a glance that he—my father—had been beating Alice. His face was more flushed and bloated than usual; his eyes were bloodshot. I saw that he was in a dangerous mood, but I looked at him defiantly.

"'ot's got into the lass?" he roared. "I believe she's gettin' wain. Has some mister bin tellin' you o' yer good looks? Seems to me you're be innin' rather young." And he hammered the table with the mug, delighted with the gentle humor of his remark.

When the paroxysm had passed he looked at me more attentively and critically, as if he were examining an animal, until a new light came into his eyes.

"Well, I'm blowed if I noticed it afore, but you're growin' wery 'andsome, Rachel, and quite a woman. You'll soon be puttin' on long dresses. She here, lass, 'ow'd you like to wear silks and satins, and be a fine lady, and ride in yer kerrige, and go to the theatre, and all that—eh? Come 'ere and let me look at yer!"

I drew up my slender body to its full height, and shook my head. Not that I cared for what he said. But if I was to ever have such things, I thought it would not be through him. I would not be sold for his good, who had beaten and driven me about like a dog for years. He laughed again.

"Full of the devil, ain't ye? Just like yer mother wuz at first, afore I tuk it out of her. I thought I'd done that for ye. D'ye hear wot I sed? Come 'ere!"

I felt my eyeballs growing hot. It had been some months since he had struck me. I felt for the first time in my life that I was not a child, but something more. If he touched me—I shut my teeth and doggedly shook my head.

He stared at me for a moment, then turned to mother.

"And this is the way as you brings up yer girl—to disobey her father! Curse ye! why ain't ye learned her to respect me as she should? I'll show her, and you, too, wot's the rights of a 'usband and a parent!" And he rose unsteadily to his feet with trembling steps.

The figure on the bedside now sprang between us.

"Sit down, you fool, and let her alone. She is too old to beat now and won't stand it. And, what's more, don't dare to talk to her again about silks and carriages, you shameless brute! Sit down!"

The words were spoken with a smothered, intense rage, before which he hesitated for a moment; then, looking at me, he seized her by the shoulder.

"By Jove! I'll teach you which'll rule the girl. She's my daughter, and I'll do as I please with her! Go back to yer cripple, there!" and he thrust her toward the bed. But she sprang between us again. With a curse, he seized the mug on the table. "Will you git out of the way?"

She did not move. His face grew purple as he sprang forward and struck her with the glass. She fell between us, the blood pouring from a deep gash in the temple. Staring down at her for a moment, he grew a chastly yellow, then dropping the blood-stained mug, turned and fled down stairs. I stood by the open window, unable to stir, staring at the still form before me. It did not move or even breathe. Then from the yard below came up a sullen splash, a cry, and then in another moment the sound of frightened voices and hurrying feet. I knew without looking down what had happened. My father, escaping through the yard, had fallen into the ditch of slimy filth—the sewer of Paradise Row.

## CHAPTER II.

TWO days after, we four were placed in a carriage by a tall, bustling man in black, and, with him, followed as the only mourners the hearse in which two coffins were jolted about as the journey to the graveyard was hastily accomplished.

A kind of stupor had weighed upon me since that day. I saw as in a dream the coming of the police and the undertaker; the clothing of my mother's body in a coarse but decent dress provided by one of the women in the house, who, with tears in her eyes as she kissed us, took all four down to her room, and cared for us until the funeral. I remember stupidly watching the men dragging the ditch for my father's body, which at last they found, and brought that, too, up to the room where she lay.

Then I remember no more until the tall man took us out of the cab at the gate of the dreary graveyard on the outskirts of the city and motioned us to follow the coffins which were being carried through it. As I stood there, dazed and motionless, an open carriage which chanced to be passing stopped for a moment as the occupants looked at us with pitying eyes. I glanced up and recognized the two ladies whom I had hated that day. It was

the same carriage that had nearly run me down in Lambeth Street. Then the stupor which, as I have said, made all things seem like a dream, left me, and clinching my hands, I turned and hurried my sisters and brother into the graveyard.

I could hear a few inquiries which they made of the undertaker, and his hastily voluble explanation of who we were and what had happened. And then with a word or two of pity, they drove on, leaving a gold piece in the man's hands—for us, I suppose, but I was spared the trouble of flinging it away, for he coolly pocketed it, and drawing a handkerchief, held it to his eyes during the hasty lowering of the coffins.

It was not long before the shallow grave was filled, and a rough mound raised above it, a pine board with the names and date of death being placed at the head. Then the undertaker turned to me, and said, briskly:

"Now, my dear, I'm goin' to take your brother and sisters over to the orphanage. They're young enough to get in, though I don't envy them wery much. But as for you, I don't know exactly wot to say. It wouldn't be no kind of use for you to go with 'em for they wouldn't take you in, but I'll tell you to get work in the mills. Ye see they're about as full now of young 'uns as they can hold, and they're sendin' out all the oldest of 'em now to work wherever they get a chance. 'Times ain't as they used to be, and the authorities is gettin' economical—wery! Bless me, I remember, only two years ago, gittin' one p'un' six for a job like this and now I get only a p'un', and I afeared it'll get down into the shillin's soon!"

He looked at me as if expecting sympathy, but I only stared at him blankly. It was the first time that the thought of what would become of me had risen.

"I suppose I could go back to the mill," I said, slowly, "but where could I live?"

"'h, you must have friends—lots of 'em, you're so pretty and amiable!" and he patted me on the cheek.

I threw away his hand, turned to my sisters, and said, "Good by!" then I kissed them and my brother.

"There there—don't ye cry! Your sister can come up ev'ry time and see ye! And, I say, my dear, my shop's near there—every one 'll tell you where Graves, sextant and furnishin' undertaker, is. Come on and tell me 'ow you're gettin' on. I've got to go now. There's three more to be planted afore night."

And hustling the crying children into the carriage, he nodded and in another moment I and the old sexton were alone. I went out stupidly into the road and turned toward the city, which was soon reached. Hours went by, and still I wandered through its streets, up one and down another. What should I do?—go back to the mill? I could earn there six shillings a week—the wages of a much older girl. I could live upon that, as hundreds, thousands, of women did; but was not death better than that? I thought of the tenement houses of the work-rooms, and shuddered. All that had kept me there had been my mother, and now that she was gone, why stay there? It was a living hell! Yet, how could I escape? I was penniless. I knew of nothing but the work I had done there. I knew no one who would help me into anything different. At sunset I was walking over one of the bridges across the river—faint, hungry, exhausted. There was a corner behind a buttress, at the top of a flight of steps that ran down beside a pier to the water, for boatmen's use. I dropped out of the throng that hurried around us, and sat down there to rest. When I awoke, the cool night wind was blowing in my face, a lamp flaring around the corner of the buttress. The stars were shining above. Below, I could hear the swish of the river as it flowed and eddied past the pier. As I lay there, vaguely wondering how one would feel to be floating in the water below, looking up with dead eyes at those glittering points above, an utter loneliness and despair seized me. I remembered seeing a girl fished out of the river at the bottom of these very steps. She had been one of the spinners in the room where I worked, and was of considerable beauty. She had left there suddenly one day, bidding us good-by, joyfully. We all knew where she was going. We saw her several times afterward on the street, dressed gorgeously, and seemingly finding life a golden thing in the company she was with; but her face was worn, her eyes weary and sunken.

When she was laid on the bottommost step of the flight below me, her dress was torn and covered with mud, her hair tangled and full of slime; but her face was peaceful—almost happy. . . was on the point of rising and going down the steps to look at the water, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Come now, young 'un. It's agin th' regerations. You just move on!" and a stout policeman raised me roughly to my feet, and led me out under the lamp. As he peered into my face, his own lost something of its judicial sternness. "Wot are you a doin' there? Why ain't you home and abed long ago?" he asked.

"I haven't any to go to, that's why," I answered desperately; "but if you'd have let me alone a minute I'd have found one by this time."

And wrenching myself from his grasp, I sprang to the head of the steps. On one side there was a steep descent to the murmuring blackness below. In another moment I would have thrown myself off. But he was quicker than I had thought, and grasping my dress, dragged me back.

"No, you don't, my lass. On the suicidal lay, eh? You're pretty young to begin that. Now, I'm going to lock ter up, so as to keep yer from that sort o' thing. He'll give you three months, at least, under the Wagrancy Hact in the reformatory to cool off."

I had tried to escape from the mill, and instead found myself on the way to prison!

I broke down utterly, a black mist came be-



fore my eyes, and I fell forward. Then came silence and a blank. When I awoke, I was lying under the gas lamp, the policeman kneeling beside me, his rough face filled with anxiety. Beside him stood another figure, which I could not well see.

(To be continued.)

## THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

(Continued from page 86.)

The interior of the Rotunda was hung in black, though not so heavily as to produce a marked effect. Both the Rotunda and the great dome were brilliantly illuminated.

All through Wednesday night the Capitol grounds were thronged with people anxious to obtain a view of the beloved President's face, and all night long two lines of men and women passed rapidly on either side the coffin. Beyond the console's tramp of the people who poured through in a continuous stream, there was no sound, the desire for conversation being swallowed up in the awe which the presence of the dead President inspired. Some of the people passed the coffin without lifting their eyes from the floor, unwilling to trust themselves to gaze upon the awful sight. Others, more curious, looked as long as they could, and reluctantly made way for others. There were a great many colored people in the throng, of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Common laborers in tattered clothing crowded upon any tinselly dressed ladies and gentlemen all inspired by a common motive. At one time, on Thursday, it was ascertained by actual count that sixty persons passed the coffin in one minute, or at the rate of 3,600 an hour, or more than 40,000 during the day. It is believed that fully 100,000 people passed through the rotunda to view the remains.

During the afternoon there were signs that the body of President Garfield had commenced to decompose, and it being understood that in such event it was the wish of Mrs. Garfield that the features of her husband should be free from the public gaze, the lid of the casket was closed, by order of Secretary Blaine, at about 6:30 in the evening.

### PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S ASSUMPTION OF OFFICE.

On Thursday President Arthur again took the oath of office in the Vice-President's room of the Capitol. There were about forty persons present, and the oath was administered by Chief Justice Waite. When the new President had assumed to the oath he read a brief address, to which allusion is made elsewhere, and the ceremony was over. He then called a meeting of his predecessor's Cabinet, requested their continuance in the several departments, and upon consultation with them, prepared and issued a proclamation appointing Monday, September 26th, the day of President Garfield's funeral and burial, as a day of humiliation and mourning throughout the United States.

### THE FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE CAPITOL.

took place at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, in the Rotunda, the Rev. Mr. Power, of the Christian Church officiating. The Philharmonic Society of Washington, under the direction of Professor Gleizner, rendered the following selections: Anthem, "To Thee, O Lord, I Yield My Spirit," from the oratorio of Saint Paul, and the familiar hymn "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep." At the conclusion of the services the remains were borne to the hearse by A. K. Tingle, H. C. Thier, W. S. Langan, Benjamin S. Smy, D. F. Moore and W. S. Rose, all members of the late President's church, whom Mrs. Garfield had personally chosen as pall-bearers. The following is the official programme for the order of procession, which escorted the remains from the Capitol to the depot:

Funeral escort in column of march, under command of Brevet Major-General R. B. Ayres—Battalion of District of Columbia volunteers; battalion of marines; battalion of foot artillery; battery of light artillery; civic procession, under command of Chief Marshal Colonel Robert Boyd—Clergymen in attendance, physicians who attended the late President, guard of honor, bearers, hearse, bearers, guard of honor.

The officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps in full dress, in full dress, formed right in front, on either side of the hearse—the Army on the right and the Navy and Marine Corps on the left—and composed the guard of honor.

Family of the late President; relatives of the late President; ex-Presidents of the United States; the President; the Cabinet Ministers; the Diplomatic Corps; the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; the Senators of the United States; Members of the United States House of Representatives; Governors of States and Territories and Commissioners of the District of Columbia.

The Judges of the Court of Claims, the Judiciary of the District of Columbia and Judges of the United States Courts.

The Assistant Secretaries of State, Treasury and Interior Departments.

The Assistant Postmaster-General, the Solicitor-General and the Assistant Attorney-General.

Organized societies, citizens and strangers.

The troops designated to form the escort assembled on the east side of the Capitol, and formed line facing the east, the front of the Capitol precisely at 2 o'clock P. M. The procession moved on the conclusion of the religious services at the Capitol, when minute guns were fired at the Navy Yard by the vessels of war which were in port, at Fort Myer, and by the battery of artillery stationed near the Capitol for that purpose. At the same hour the bells of the several churches, fire-engine houses and the schoolhouses were tolled.

The officers of the Army and Navy selected to compose the guard of honor and accompany the remains to the final resting-place assembled at 4 P. M. at the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad depot, where they received the body of the late President and deposited it in the cars prepared for the purpose.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN, Secretary of War.

WILLIAM H. H. ST. Secretary of the Navy.

J. DENT, President Board Commissioners.

On arriving at the depot the remains were placed on the car attached to the funeral train. This car was open at the side, admitting a view of the casket as the train passed along. The other three cars were occupied by Mrs. Garfield and members of the family, and personal friends, the President and members of the Cabinet, physicians who were in attendance upon the President, ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, and the committees appointed by the Senate and House. Another train immediately followed the funeral train upon which the Senators, Members of Congress, Justices of the Supreme Court, and other distinguished persons who had been invited to attend the funeral.

### RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS IN OHIO.

On Saturday morning the trains were met at the Ohio State Line by Governor Foster and his staff, and representatives of the municipal Government of Cleveland. The most extensive arrangements were made for the reception of the remains in Cleveland. The catafalque was erected on the square at the intersection of Ontario and Superior Streets. According to the designer's plan a platform was first erected five feet six inches above the level of the ground, approached by a gentle incline from the east and west. Upon this platform was erected a pavilion, which was square, covered by a curved canopy. At the apex of the canopy was a large globe, upon which stood the figure of an angel representing the attitude of blessing. The pavilion extended over the incline below. Its wings were extended, the tips approaching above the head. The dimensions of the pavilion were as follows:

The main parts were forty-five feet square; on each of the four sides there was an open arch twenty feet wide and thirty feet high; the canopy tapered to an apex seven feet above the ground, upon which rested the globe, a ball nearly five feet in diameter. The statue above was twenty-four feet in height, its wings tips thus being at a total altitude of ninety-six feet above the ground. In this the remains of the President lay in state until removed to Lake View Cemetery on Monday afternoon.

At the time of writing the official programme for the services and the line of march for the military, masonic, civic and society organizations had not been made public, but enough was known to guarantee a most fitting demonstration, both in the city and at the burial-place in the Lake View Cemetery.

### THE LATE PRESIDENT'S WILL.

In the early part of August, it is said, the President signed a will which leaves all his property to his widow. On the same day, finding that he could write so well, he insisted on writing a letter to his mother which he did. This letter found its way into the newspapers a few days afterwards. From the same source it is learned that General Garfield owned real estate amounting to about \$25,000. This estimate includes the house he occupied in Washington as a private residence during the last eight years he was in the House of Representatives.

General Garfield had his life insured for \$35,000 in two companies in New York. He took out a policy of \$10,000 in the Equitable Assurance Society soon after his nomination to the Presidency. The premium fell due, and was paid while he was at Long Branch in June, a few days before he was shot. The society sent its check to its agent in Philadelphia in the day after the President's death, with instructions to pay the amount of the policy to Mrs. Garfield at once. It may be noted that General Garfield had insured for \$25,000 in the New York Life Insurance Company. The policy was written out in the White House.

When he entered Williams College in 1854 General Garfield insured his life for \$500 in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city. He used this policy as security for a loan of \$500. He repaid the loan after graduation with money earned in teaching school.

### "THE SACRIFICE FOR COUNTRY."

OUR allegorical cartoon with this title will attract general attention for its pertinence and suggestiveness. Before the Temple of Glory, on the altar of his country, is extended the lifeless body of Columbia's favorite son, whom no lamentation of hers can awaken; at the feet of the recumbent figure stands Europe, arrayed in sombre robes, sympathizing and attempting to console Columbia in her poignant grief; at the head, with outspread wings, at her feet, her trumpet at her lips and the Book of History in her hands, a rosy-cheeked young tree in the foreground, torn up by the roots whilst in full vigor of life, brilliant in promise for the future, is symbolical of the violent and ultimately cutting off of the President in the prime of his strength and manhood. A palm branch resting on the body signifies that his life was a triumph. The (Latin) States are shown bound together by the same sympathetic tie of mourning. At the feet of Fame are trophies of his victories as a statesman, soldier, etc. The roll of Fame and other adjuncts will explain themselves.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### The New Bow Street Police Courts.

About twelve months ago the Office of Works of London commenced a new building for the chief police court of the metropolis. This new building, like its predecessor, stands in Bow Street, opposite the Covent Garden Theatre and the Floral Hall. Its main facade stands nearly sixty feet high in the centre, and from end to end is about 180 feet. The original plan was for a red brick and Portland stone front. The red brick, however, was eliminated, and the whole front is now of stone. It looks, as shown in our illustration, larger than police court requirements can reasonably demand, and, as a matter of fact, only about one-third of the Bow Street front belongs to the court. The other two-thirds constitute the Bow Street Police Station and "section house" for the accommodation of somewhere about one hundred policemen. The court and station are contiguous, though the only internal connection they have is through a covered corridor across the interior quadrangle, for the conveyance of prisoners from the police court cells to those in which they will await their turn to appear in court. This quadrangle, by the way, seems a very convenient feature of the new premises. The prison vans, instead of standing in the open thoroughfare and receiving or discharging prisoners, will pass into this inclosure, and take up or set them down with convenience and safety, and without obstructing the thoroughfare. The cost of the new building was about £200,000.

#### Sou-e, Tunis, Under the Electric Light.

After the occupation of Sfax and Gabes by the French squadron, the vessels cruised about the principal ports in the regency, stopping among others at Medhia. Monastel and Sousse. The latter is the ancient Hadrumentum, and is the chief place of the district of the Sahel. It is a charming maritime city, with a rich Oriental appearance. The squadron arrived on the evening of incident with the opening of the grand *musulman fete*, when the mosques and minarets were brightly illuminated. After coming to anchor, all the fireworks, a given signal, directed their electric lights upon the city, much to the amusement of the people, who had never before seen a spectacle so novel.

#### Recollection Monday in the Cemetery of the Molenski Convent, Russia.

Feasting among the tombs seems to be a curious and inconsistent custom, but it prevails in the Eastern countries and still holds its ground in Russia. The Jews did it of old as a mark of respect to departed friends. A special day, called Recollection Monday, is devoted to it in Russia, and on it the people flock to the cemeteries, and, after tearing down the chapels, eat, drink and make merry over the graves of their friends, and do it to honor them. The food taken is all blessed, and consists of Easter eggs, a cake and fruit. A lighted candle is stuck in the loaf. Wine and brandy are not forbidden. The clergy move in procession through the grounds, with crosses and tapers, and recite prayers over the graves, where collected. Of course, amid all this there are cases where grief for a lost parent or child finds vent in tears and sobs, contrasting strangely with the revelry around them.

#### A Maori Parliament.

Orakei, a native settlement in the province of Auckland, New Zealand, has become the seat of a native Parliament. Several great native meetings have at times been held at Hikurangi, by Tawhiao, and at Parahaka, by Te Whiti; but they seem to have been quite independent, and in rivalry with one another. The Maori, like the Pakeha, or white man, has always numerous grievances; and the programme of the first Orakei Parliament included, among others, the following: The course of the Government in dismissing Maori officials who administered the law; the want of friendship and goodwill to the chiefs, displayed in stopping their supply of food, travelling passes, and medicine; the withholding of trial from the prisoners of Taranaki; the act of the

Government, in sending commissioners and soldiers to occupy the native districts together; finally, the appointment of Sir William Fox and Sir Dillon Bell, as commissioners, so long as it was by them that the dispute (war) originated at Taranaki. These were the views of the Maori-tribe party. One of our sketches represents the Orakei Parliament, with the chief, Paul Tawhiao, occupying the Speaker's seat; immediately below him are two Europeans, the reporter and interpreter, while on his right Sir William Fox is addressing the House. In the foreground, on the left hand, is the chief, Te Mungonui. The other illustration represents the native settlement of Orakei, with the Government, and the usual price of provisions, consisting of kumara, potatoes, dried fish, and partially dried and rotten beef. The building on the left is the chapel and school, but used as the Parliament House.

#### New Public Buildings at Bombay.

The stately and capacious building represented in our illustration has been erected by the Government of Bombay for the accommodation of public office business, to take important room in the city and Presidential capital. It was designed by Colonel Fuller for the Public Works Department, and is in the early English Gothic style, standing on the north side of the Esplanade.

#### The Oil Wells at Oelheim, near Paine, in Germany.

Mineral oil was discovered about a hundred years ago in a level, sandy district in the southeast of the Lüneburg Heide, near the villages of Oelheim, Hantsen and Edemissen, but they were not developed till the oil wells of Pennsylvania had been made to yield oil by the millions of gallons. Then the overlooked sources in Europe were examined. The oil springs near Paine were examined, and works for the pumping of the oil began in 1875 by Engineer Kliesen. The results were not very encouraging, and the first really good yield was obtained in 1879 by Hermann Meyer, of Bremen, 6,500 barrels being produced by the month of August, 1880. The wells are now in full activity, and, as will be seen, by the adoption of American systems, these old-time German rural villages have assumed an aspect now familiar to us on this side of the Atlantic. The centre of the new oil industry has received the appropriate name of Oelheim (oil-house).

#### The Geographical Congress at Venice.

The International Geographical Congress was formally opened by the King and Queen of Italy at Venice on September 15th, and the inaugural speech was delivered by M. de Lesseps. The programme for the reception and entertainment of the visitors was certainly a most attractive one. The visitors are promised excursions, balls, banquets, a serenade, square, a monster concert and the illumination of the square of San Marco. Signor Anichini, the active Sindaco of Venice, is especially anxious that the serenade should be a perfect reproduction of the old and most characteristic Venetian serenades, such as are described by Byron, Musset and George Sand. Signor Ottino, the famous illuminator, designed in the most fantastic way of 100,000 Venetian lights in the square of San Marco. The facade of the church was illuminated by electric light and it was strictly prohibited to touch the walls of that building. Prince Teano, the witty and erudite son of the Roman Duke of Salaparuta, has been arranging the exhibition. Prince Teano is the President of the Roman Geographical Society, and has certainly done all in his power to give prominence to that association.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Two bells, weighing two tons each, are to be fixed on the new Education Lighthouse. The bells are to be rung as fog signals. The object of having two instead of one, as is usual, is that one ring may always be on the weather side of the lighthouse, from whichever quarter the wind may blow.

M. Bellini, of Florence, advocates the use of iodine of starch as an antidote for poisons in general, and, as it has no disagreeable taste and is free from the irritant properties of iodine, it can be administered in large doses; also, without fear in all cases where the poison is unknown.

The "B. H. H. de Therapeutique" says that acid burns can be cured by the application of a soft paste of calcined magnesite and water in a layer about two millimetres in thickness. The magnesite requires to be retained in twenty-four hours, but patients, after recovery, retain no marks of the accident.

Trichinae have recently been found in a pike caught in the North Sea, near Ostend. Dr. Clendinning, of Ostend, examined the flesh under the microscope and found it full of the parasites. It is supposed that a shoal of this fish has eaten the offal in the harbor of Ostend, and that the parasites have been conveyed to the fishes in this way.

One of the finest Lighthouses on the coast of France has just been completed at Marseilles, and the electric light will be employed there in the place of oil. Its cost, as compared with the old light, is fifty-six cents per hour as against seventy-seven, or, taking into account the intensity of the flames, seven times less. The light will be equal to 3,500 gas jets, and the distance at which it can be seen is twenty-seven miles.

One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider flies. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators and trees. When the spider-webs are covered with heavy dew they become good conductors and run the messages to the earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush-uses the difficulty always remains a serious one.

Professor Schläger, director of a noted insane asylum at Vienna, announces the result of experiments made by him in relation to the blue-glass healing theory, which at one time attracted so much attention in America as well as abroad. He had a room two feet high with windows of blue glass, and had the walls painted of the same color. He then selected sixty persons who were more or less deranged mentally, and made them the subjects of experimentation for a period of three years, placing them at selected times in the blue room and carefully noting the apparent effects upon them. He discovered that the abnormally aroused and excited temperament experienced a remarkably soothing and quieting influence in the blue light, and he expresses the conviction that with persons thus mentally deranged, with whom every other method of treatment has failed, this should be tried. He does not report any complete cures made by this means alone, but says that in most cases the treatment has proved beneficial, and that if continued systematically and persistently, the indications are that it will lead to complete restoration. In no case did it work injury. He expresses the intention to continue his experiments, and calls upon all associates and colleagues in the treatment of the insane to do the same, and make careful notes of their observations. Professor Schläger has also made valuable and interesting experiments in treating deranged persons of abnormally depressed or sluggish and apathetic temperaments by exposing them in a similar manner to red light. His conclusions seem to be based upon careful and scrupulous study and observation, and are attracting deserved attention.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. SANTA MARIA has been installed as President of Chile.

QUEEN VICTORIA intends to bestow the vacant Garter upon King Alfonso.

DR. KORM, the new Bishop of Treves, has entered upon the discharge of his functions.

THE Shah of Persia will pass a large portion of the winter in the great capitals of Europe.

MRS. DR. EDSON, for many weeks a faithful attendant at the President's bedside in Washington, is resting at Saratoga.

THE will of the late Justice Clifford gives his law library in equal shares to his three sons, and the residue of his property to his wife.

OUR new Minister in Paris, Mr. Morton, will give a series of brilliant entertainments at his residence in the Place des Etats-Unis during the winter.

THE King of Greece and the Premier, with a numerous suite, has started for a tour of a newly annexed territory. The tour will probably occupy two months.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria, complying with the wish of the Emperor of Russia, will marry the heiress, Miss Jussupoff, who has a dowry of 80,000,000 rubles.

IT is said that the cancerous affection of the tongue from which Senator B. H. Hill of Georgia is suffering, is likely to result in the loss of the power of speech.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot to erect a monument to Victor Hugo, at Guernsey, and a considerable sum has been subscribed with this object by the inhabitants of the island.

ERNEST RENAN will publish, in 1885, the secret correspondence of Napoleon III. with his foster-sister, Mrs. Corou, the manuscript of which is in the strong room of the National Library.

LADY DUFFUS HARDY, who has written a book on America, entitled, "Three Cities and Prairie Lands," and an active contributor to Frank Leslie's publications, will pass the winter in this country.

GENERAL JOHN A. HALDERMAN, Consul-General at Bangkok, Siam, is about to return home on sick leave, one year's residence in Siam having badly, and, it is feared, permanently injured his health.

THE young Czar is described as a man of sincere piety, and a regular attendant at church. He is particularly fond of the choir and maintains at his own expense two splendid choirs at the chapel at Peterhof.

MARIO, once the greatest of tenors, has grown perfectly gray, but is still fresh and youthful in nature. In his Italian home he occupies a great deal of his leisure in carpentering and carving, being in both trades exceedingly clever.

IT is rumored that Lord Cowper will probably resign the Lord Lieutenantship of Ireland at no distant date, and that he is likely to be succeeded by Lord Knollys, whose beautiful residence at Killarney is familiar to American travelers in Ireland.

AMONG the wedding gifts of Miss Annie Scott, daughter of W. L. Scott of Erie, Pa., who was married a few days ago, were a \$250,000 block of buildings from her father, a solid desk set from her mother, and a \$25,000 diamond necklace, having sixty-five stones.

THE Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, pastor of the Lee Avenue Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, has tendered his resignation on the ground that his duties as a member of Congress will make it impossible for him to meet properly the requirements of the pastoral relation.

KING KALAKAUA of the Sandwich Islands takes home with him the traveling bedstead of King Frederick William IV., of Prussia, a perfect work of art in polished iron, ingeniously constructed to fold up. The only similar piece of furniture is in the Royal Palace at Berlin.

VICTORIA, Princess of Baden—the young lady who is about to become Crown Princess of Sweden—is having her bridal veil made for her at a German lace factory. Every bit of the work is done with the needle. The design represents orange flowers, and the ends of the veil are worked with the arms of Sweden and Baden.

MARYLAND claims the oldest pensioner in the United States in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Oster, who resides in the Ninth District of Baltimore County, upon the York road. She was 103 years old in last December, and is the widow of John Oster, of Captain Perry's company of Maryland Militia, who served in the war of 1812.

THE Siamese Princes now visiting Europe were passengers in the express which met with the recent terrible accident on the Lyons Railway. They were sound asleep in their sleep when the accident occurred, and were surprised and frightened on awaking to find themselves lying on the floor. The glass of the windows was smashed, but beyond this the carriage had sustained no injury.

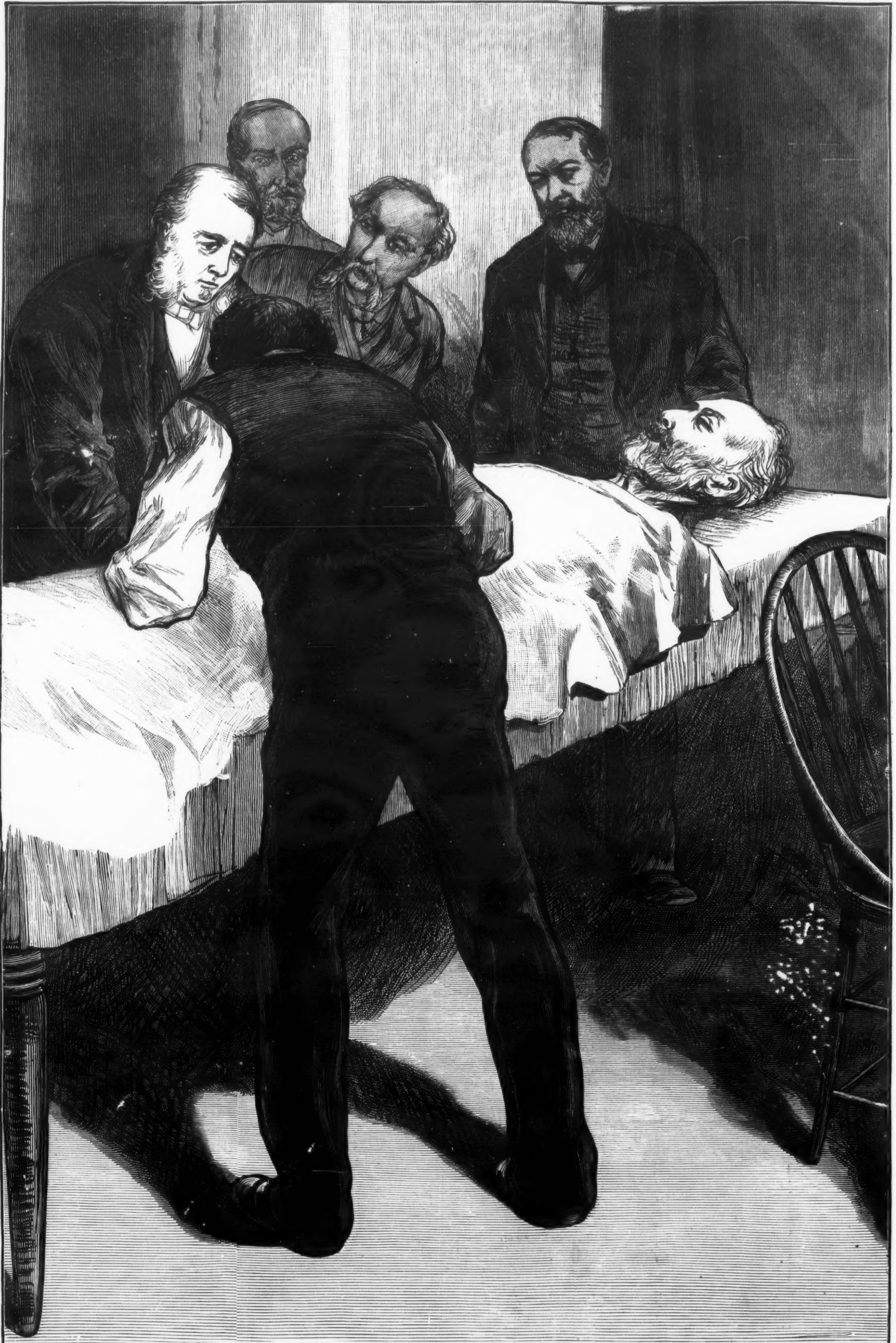
ATROUSTA, Empress of Germany, is one of the kindest of women. She is especially fond of children and good to them. She has appropriated a large part of her grounds at Coblenz for a poor children's playground. She has had swings put up and has provided a large stock of outdoor playthings. It is one of the kind old lady's chief pleasures to drive past the spot and see her little subjects amuse themselves; and she adds to their happiness and her own by distributing generous supplies of cakes and sweetmeats.

WHEN Professor Tyndall was in this country, the proceeds of his lectures were liberally set apart to found a scholarship for American students in German universities, who shall devote themselves to physics, and the committee having this matter in charge are Professor Youmans, President Barnard of Columbia College, and Professor Lovering of Harvard University, who have decided that Lucian I. Blake, son of Rev. Dr. Blake, pastor of the Wesleyan Church of Taunton, should be the first to receive the scholarship, the funds having accumulated sufficiently to warrant such a course. Mr. Blake has been in Europe for some time past, and is now studying at the Royal University of Berlin.

THE monument to be erected over the grave of Bayard Taylor at Kennett Square, Pa., by his widow, will consist of a circular Greek altar of granite, three feet six inches in height and two feet eight inches in diameter of the die, bearing on the top a lamp with a flame, and on the round a bronze bas-relief portrait by Laust Thompson. The latter will be of two-thirds life size and be partly surrounded by a wreath of olive in relief on the stone. One-half of the wreath will be of the leaves of the bay, in honor of Mr. Taylor's career as a poet, while the other will consist of those of the oak, in memory of his civic honors as a member of the diplomatic service. Underneath will be a quotation from "Prince Deuclon."

OBITUARY.—September 19th.—Hon. James A. Garfield, President of the United States, at Elberon, N. J., in the fifth year of his age. September 22d.—Henry F. Vail, President of the National Bank of Commerce, of New York City, aged 69; Julius A. Hopper, late President of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, at his residence at Newark, N. J., aged 44.





THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF THE REMAINS BY THE ATTENDING SURGEONS.  
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 85.



## EMBLEMS OF A NATION'S LOSS.

It is doubtful if there ever was a time in these favored United States when the people so generally united in a demonstration of grief as since the death of President Garfield. Public officers, directors of large corporations, and manufacturers, hastened to deck their premises with the habiliments of sorrow. As in large cities, so in the villages and hamlets, wherever humanity worked, the sombre emblems were displayed. In many instances the decorations were of the most elaborate character and very expensive. New York City began to dress out in black and white early on Tuesday morning, and as we go to press the work is still in progress.

Among the decorations of the newspaper offices about Printing House Square, those of the New York Tribune were among the earliest and most tasteful. The front of the publication office, on the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets, was heavily draped in solid black, of rich material, while the principal entrance to the building was adorned with festoons and streamers, parting in the centre of the main arch over the door, and completely swathing the massive granite pillars at the side. The work was done in the early dawn of Tuesday, and by the opening of business was entirely complete in all its effective details.

It was but natural to expect that, under such extraordinarily sad circumstances, the official and business portions of the community would give expression to the prevailing grief by a display of flags at half-mast, of appropriate emblems, and of sombre drapery. But the depth to which the social and individual heart of the country has been touched, as shown in the universal decoration of private residences, is far beyond all previous afflictions.

Lord Randolph Churchill: "During the struggle which the stout-hearted man has sustained with death, England and America watched at his bedside."

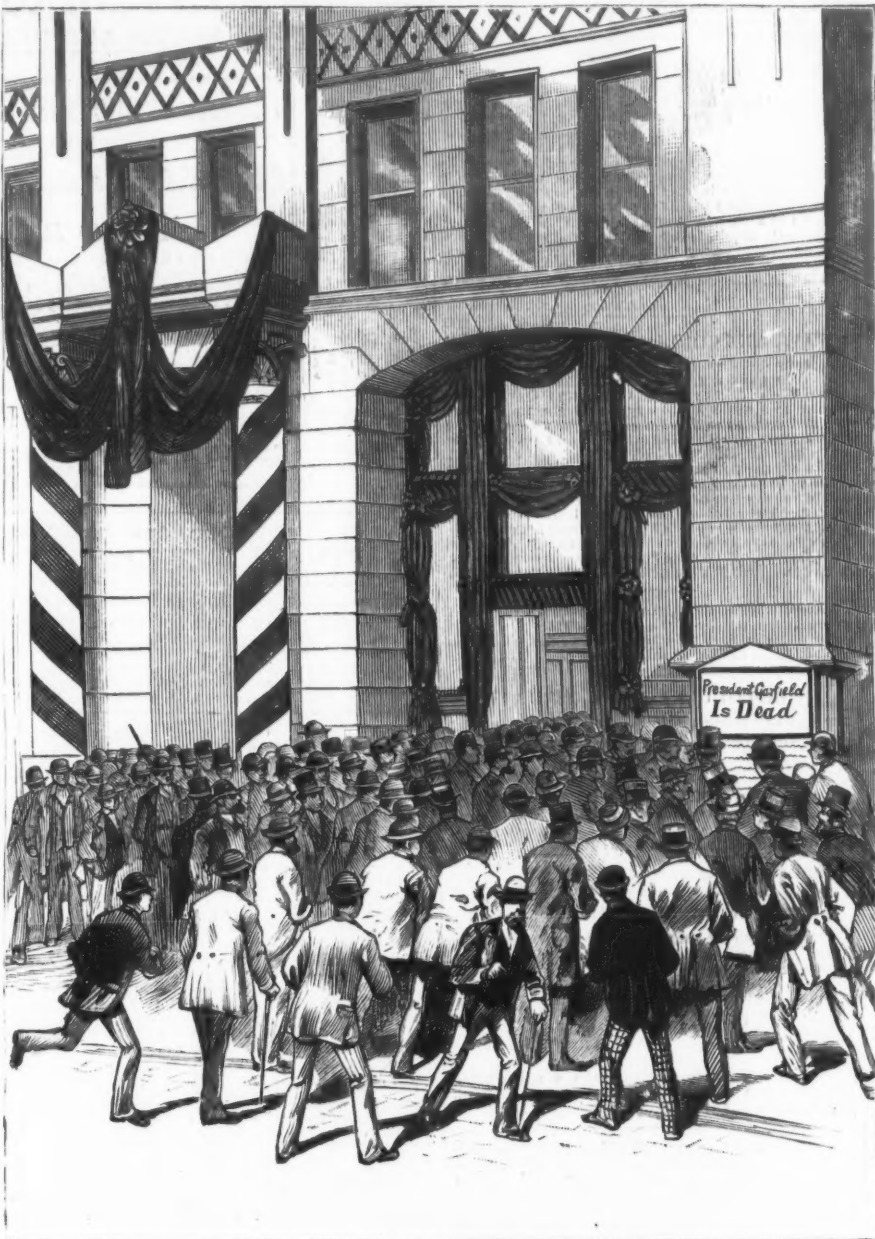
In view of the telegrams breathing touching words of condolence with the afflicted family and the stricken nation that pour in from all directions, we may say that the entire civilized world has been shocked at the assassin's deed as it has not been shocked before, and that it is literally overflowing with condemnations of the accursed deed and sympathy with widow, fatherless children and weeping people.

## HOW THE HEATHEN RIDE THE "GOAT."

INITIATIONS to a Chinese secret society are usually held on some festival day, in order that there may be as many spectators as possible. The forms are remarkably like those which are popularly supposed to attend initiation in some European secret societies. When the appointed time comes the candidate makes his appearance at the door of the lodge, naked to his waist, with bare feet and hair hanging down loose, and craves for admittance in the guise of a prisoner being led to execution. The outer guard, sword in hand, demands his business, and is answered in the mystic language in which the neophyte has been instructed. He is passed on, and after stoppages of a similar kind at seven separate doors, at each of which the postulant has to give an answer displaying increasingly intimate knowledge with the mysteries of the society, he is at last ushered into the hall of audience, where the Three Brothers and the Council sit. The secretary now comes forward with the candidate, who is led by two armed men up to a table, in front of which the latter kneels down on a stool, and makes reverent obeisance to the chiefs and the Council. The secretary then calls out aloud the name and profession of the candidate. A series of questions are next put, the answers to which have been carefully got by heart. They are somewhat as follows:

"I come of my own free will and accord, uninfluenced by the improper solicitations of friends, to beg admission as a brother and member of this ancient, great, noble and puissant society. I resign myself with the most perfect humility and submission to the regulations and usages of this society. I pledge myself to implicitly obey and execute the commands of the chiefs, to the repudiation of all that is most dear and precious to me, even at the cost of my own life. I will hold the members of the society as brothers, and will cherish, nourish, protect and defend them as such at all times and in all places. I will maintain whole and inviolate the secrets and mysterious things of the society as long as life is in my body. May my body be annihilated and my soul damned should I ever prove false in my allegiance to the society."

Having properly acquitted himself in this examination, the postulant is then sworn in by the secretary. The candidate kneels in front of the tutelary deity of the lodge with a lighted joss-stick in each hand. A fragment of yellow paper with the oath written on it is burned, and at the same time the head of the fowl he presented is chopped off on a block, and the secretary announces that if he violates his oath by any act of insubordination, perfidy, or recusancy toward the brotherhood, he will be as surely beheaded as the fowl he now sees, in spite of all the temporal powers and kingdoms in the world. A great bowl is then placed on the table before the Council. The secretary pricks the little finger of the left hand of the candidate and squeezes a drop of blood into the samsou with which the vessel is filled. One of the three presiding brethren and one of the members of the council are similarly punctured, with the same ceremony following. The secretary now recites certain prayers and so forth over the bowl, and then, beginning with the Three Brothers and the Council, the bowl is passed round, all the members of the lodge drinking of it. The neophyte is now taken aside by the secretary, who instructs him in the signs, tokens and language of the brother-



THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—DECORATION OF THE BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

hood, so that he may be able to make himself known wherever he goes. Finally, a certificate bearing his name, clan and number is handed to him. This is called a Square, and is about octavo size, divided by lines into numerous compartments, each square having within it some mystic symbol, intelligible only to the entered apprentices or masters of the craft. It is made of stiff cloth. Our Chinaman has now the full privileges of the order, and may enter affiliated lodges and share in their feasts, in China, Burma, Siam, or the Straits, without necessarily paying any joining fee.

## A CONGREGATION OF ONE.

THE following anecdote is related as having actually occurred not many months ago in a large northern seaport city in England: It

was a Sunday, and it was raining as it never did rain but in the vicinity of mercantile shipping on the first day of the week. The docks boasted a little church or Bethel, which hoisted the union jack every Sunday morning in token that services would be held there, chiefly for sailors. The clergyman who officiated weekly at the Bethel happened to be rather later than usual on the Sunday morning in question, owing to the difficulty he had in getting a cab, the rain having caused those vehicles to be in great demand. He arrived, however, a few minutes before eleven, and hurriedly bidding the driver wait for him till service should be over, he entered the sacred edifice—to find himself alone there! Probably seafaring people are not more prone to church-going in wet weather than their fellow-sinners who live ashore; anyhow, every seat was vacant. The clergyman was a zealous man so he resolved to wait a quarter of an hour on the

chance of some waif turning up. His patience was not unrewarded, for after the lapse of a few minutes one very wet man came slowly in, and seated himself, with some hesitation, on one of the back benches. Even he, probably, had only put into that haven under stress of bad weather outside, all the public-houses and other congenial places of shelter being closed.

Now, our parson was not only a zealous but a conscientious man—not always the same thing—and he resolved that had he but one solitary unit instead of a congregation, he would pursue the service in full to the bitter end for that unit's benefit—at least, as long as the unit would bear it—and he proceeded to do so, and accomplished it. At the end of the liturgy, touched probably by the patient endurance of his auditor, he condescended to address him personally, telling him that, since the inclemency of the weather—we are not in receipt of information on the point, but we feel sure he said inclemency—had prevented the usual attendance at the church, he would forego the sermon he had prepared, and would content himself with a "few remarks."

This, however, his hearer at once begged him not to do, and expressed a great desire to hear the sermon. So, pleased with this evidence of intelligence among the lower orders, and gratified by the effect his eloquence was producing, he took the victim at his word, and let him have it. The text duly chosen blossomed into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly and lastly; "in conclusion" was followed by "one word more," and at still that unit sat on undismayed. After it was all over, the preacher came down and shook hands with him, thanking him warmly for his attention, his gratification being somewhat diminished when he discovered the enraptured listener to be his cabman, the sum total of whose "half-a-crown an hour for waiting" had been materially augmented by the length of the worthy divine's discourse.

## HOW THE CZAR TRAVELS.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent of the London Standard writes: "The departure of the Emperor from Peterhof was intended to be kept a profound secret, but, as usual in such cases, it leaked out through one channel or another that a move was to be made, and the arrival here of General Kozloff, Police Master at Moscow, gave a clew to the direction that would be taken. On the day fixed for the departure the Official Messenger, to the dismay of the authorities, announced that the Emperor was about to start for Moscow, an indiscretion of which the immediate penalty was a severe reprimand from Count Ignatieff, who forbade the unofficial press of the capital to reproduce the announcement or refer to it in any way. The first intimation vouchsafed to St. Petersburg that the Emperor had actually left the vicinity was contained in an official telegram published on Saturday, and recording his arrival in the city of the Czars. Since then his movements have been duly chronicled by the official organ in a series of telegrams, which the other papers were graciously allowed to reproduce in gigantic type twenty-four hours later, though without a word of comment."

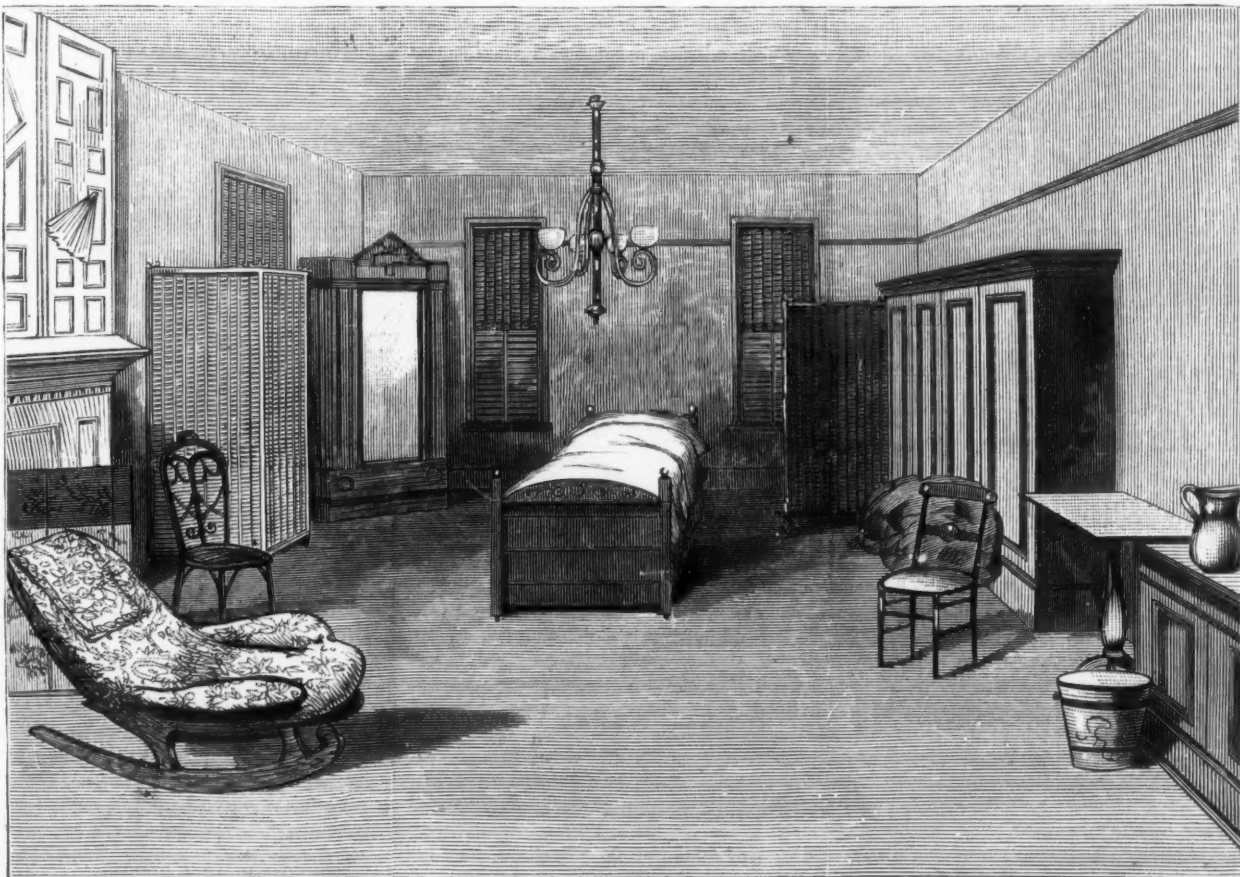
"The observance of all this mystery can only be explained on the assumption that the Czar is in imminent danger of falling a victim to the machinations of the Nihilists. As in the case of the late Emperor's last journey to the south, the line was guarded throughout its length by soldiers. At every hundred paces bayonets glistened, and at intervals tents shone white and camp-fires gleamed. Such places as offered more than ordinary facilities to miscreants of the Hartmann type were specially looked after, but, still not satisfied as to the safety of the Imperial party, General Ignatieff, who accompanied it, resorted to various extraordinary measures to baffle any possible attempt on the part of the Revolutionists."

"From the Peterhof line the Imperial train ran through a loop intended for goods trains only to the Great Southern Railway, sometimes preceded by a pilot-train, sometimes itself taking the lead. The speed all the way was somewhat less than that of ordinary mails (30 miles an hour), and, owing to long stoppages, the time usually occupied by the journey was considerably exceeded."

At Moscow the first warning the public had of the intended visit of the Czar was given by the sudden bustle at the Governor's house and at the palace, where, two days only before the arrival of the august travelers, hasty preparations were

made for their reception. Late next day it was intimated that the Czar might be expected at eight o'clock the following morning, and at the appointed hour a train did make its appearance; but, to the no small disappointment of the crowd that had gathered near the station, it brought only a batch of police and detectives, who hoped to find plenty of game in the trap thus cleverly baited. Before ten, however, preparations had been made in earnest. Troops were stationed on both sides of the route all the way to the Kremlin. The inhabitants of every house in the streets through which the Emperor was to pass were peremptorily ordered to close their windows and the anxiety depicted on the faces of the police showed when the cortège was nearly at hand. Presently distant cheering was heard and as it grew nearer and nearer, the open carriage containing the Czar, Czarina and their children, drove rapidly by, followed by that of Prince Dolgorouki, Governor-General of Moscow, the foundations of which were laid by his ancestors seven hundred years ago."

Two VALUABLE deposits of guano were recently discovered off the coast of Peru. One is on the Tortugas Islands, and contains about sixty thousand tons; the other, in Ferrol Bay, to the south of Callimote, comprises forty thousand tons. In quality this guano is thought to be first-class.



THE ROOM AT FRANKLIN COTTAGE IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT DIED.—SEE PAGE 85.



# MONEY ARTICLE FROM "THE HOUR."

By RUFUS HATCH.

NEW YORK, Thursday—2 P. M.

The week has been one of great anxiety and sorrow. The entire nation is in heartfelt mourning for its Chief Magistrate. The feeling of sympathy has extended to the whole civilized world, including even Japan and Siam. In England it is especially noticeable. The Queen has directed that the Court shall go in mourning for a period of one week, and the London Stock Exchange has voted to close on the day of the late President's funeral. A strong evidence of the feeling of the people, without regard to party or politics, is seen in the mourning with which the tenement districts in this city, occupied wholly by laboring classes, are draped. Judging from outward appearances, there is a deeper feeling of sorrow among the working people than among the residents of Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill. The fact that the new President was born of foreign parentage, and was sworn into office by foreign-born judges, shows that we are not only a nation of nations, but the nation of all other nations. The death of General Garfield, as we predicted, had no perceptible effect on the markets. The machinery of the Government is intact. General Arthur is President. We cannot, however, lose sight of the fact that at this time he has no constitutional successor. Should he die before the assembling of Congress, the markets would certainly be affected, and political chaos might come. "A stitch in time saves nine." Constitutional successors can only be secured by an immediate session of Congress. Of course, General Arthur and his advisers are aware of this. Unless an extra session is called before the first of next month, no President could be elected by the people, under the Constitution, until December, 1882.

Meantime, the financial situation is unchanged. Half crops of corn and wheat are casting a shadow over the country. The drought continues and the shadow increases. With all this there is the same manipulation of public interests, as represented in public enterprises, for the benefit of the monopolists, under the leadership of one man. People are seriously asking whether the Western Union Telegraph Company is not used for the benefit of Jay Gould, without regard to public rights. We would like to ask Dr. Norvin Green and General Eckert a few questions. If they cannot answer them honestly and correctly, they ought to come as near to it as they can.

1. Do you think that the wires, poles and batteries of the Western Union Company, adding its mortgages and leases, are worth \$80,000,000?

2. Do you conscientiously believe that the stock, at present prices, is a good investment for trust companies, widows and orphans, and other persons who depend upon their investments for the bread they eat?

3. Do you really believe that the company has been well managed since Mr. Orton's death?

4. Do you think the stock, under its present management, is worth half the price of four per cent. government bonds, or less than half what it was worth with \$40,000,000 capital, when it sold at 77?

5. Be so kind as to tell us how long a wire surcharged with electricity can be continuously used before it becomes worthless?

6. How many old wires have been replaced with new ones since Mr. Orton's death?

7. What is the average life of a telegraph pole, and how many have died since the increase of the capital to \$80,000,000? We ask this because one of our dispatches was twenty-four hours in reaching its destination in Chicago.

8. How many operatives have you dismissed, and how much have your tariffs been increased since the consolidation?

9. Apropos of the last questions, is it true that your office is Jay Gould's office, or that Jay Gould's office is your office, and that he has the supervision of all your dispatches, suppressing Associated Press news dispatches which are not in his interest?

10. Did you really send 2,000,000 bulletin dispatches announcing the condition of the President? Was it not one or two dispatches each day, which were caught by every operator on the circuit?

11. Did you not issue an order on Friday or Saturday of last week that no more bulletins would be issued unless they were paid for?

12. Don't you think that the Mutual Union Company will prove a more formidable competitor to your \$80,000,000 of capital than the American Union did to your \$40,000,000?

13. Don't you think that your consolidated company would have been more valuable without the injection of \$15,000,000 in water, and that by paying honest dividends on honest capital you would have avoided the ruinous competition which you are now sure to meet?

These are simple questions. Men pretending to serve the public at the head of a great corporation ought not to hesitate about answering them.

If we are to believe the statements of the two railroad kings, the railroad war is no nearer a settlement. The friends of Mr. Vanderbilt say that he will not sit at the feet of Mr. Garrett any longer. *Per contra*, Mr. Garrett's friends assert that he demands pooling arrangements on the basis of the shortness of his line from the interior to the seaboard; that his per centage must be continued or Baltimore will be ruined. So it's a free fight all around, and the public pays its money and takes its choice.

RUFUS HATCH.

## FUN.

IN cards as in life, it is the man who is ready to beg who is waiting for something to turn up.

THERE is one branch of etiquette that the tree is proficient in, to wit, the bough. And the tree also knows when to leave.

OSCAR WILDE has been invited to visit Boston. Picture a man who dines on a glass of water and a lily sitting down to a dinner of pork and beans.

Mrs. HOMESPUN was shocked to hear one of those giddy Brownjohn girls speak of Haydn as the author of the "Creation." Mrs. Homespun says she doesn't know anything about the Bible the Brownjohns have, but her Bible doesn't say anything about Haydn or any other Bidding German.

THE plan of charging a regular admission fee has not proved altogether successful at a negro camp meeting near Marion, Ohio. Brother Hart had just made a fervent prayer, and was laboring zealously among the mourners, when the six members of the Finance Committee reminded him that he had climbed over the fence instead of entering by the gate. They demanded ten cents for himself and ten more for his wife, but he refused to pay, and they dragged him off the grounds. But he did not

long stay expelled. He and his wife armed themselves with clubs, knocked the ticket-taker away from the gate, scattered the opposing committee of six financiers, thrashed the presiding minister himself and resumed their work among the penitents.

PONSONBY DE TOMKINS BEGINS TO ASSERT HIMSELF.—P. de T. (who has had a little too much music: "Look here, M. de T. Bless if I can stand that foreign rowdy of yours any longer! He's always pitching into England, by George, where he makes all his money! He yawns and whistles, and picks his teeth, and looks at himself in the glass when ladies are talking to him. Doesn't care what he says before ladies! Look at 'em all fanning him, and licking his boots! Makes me sick! Half a mind to kick him down stairs!!!" Mrs. P. de T. "No, no! Hush, love! He's a genius! He plays the flageolet better than any man living! The Princesses would never have been here to-night but for him! And remember, Ponsonby, he plays to us for nothing!"

## "SO WEAK I COULD SCARCELY STAND."

A very decided gain is shown in the following case of a patient residing in Carthage, Miss.: "I have been taking your Compound Oxygen six weeks, and am glad to say that I am improving. When I began the treatment, my body was so weak that I could scarcely stand on my feet, and they pained me a great deal. My cough was bad, and at times I could scarcely breathe, and I suffered a great deal with pains in my stomach and lungs. I have now gained some five or six pounds in weight, and I was a two mile easily; the pain in limbs is entirely gone; my cough has almost disappeared. I was on 'Compound Oxygen' sent free. Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Grand St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. DEPUTTEN ON HIS OWN PROFESSION.—"A medical man passes the first half of his life in saving his fellows without pay, and the second in killing them at exorbitant prices."

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

For loss of appetite, sleeplessness, etc. Pamphlet free. RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I.

## ROSE OSBORN.

MR. RIKER:—I have taken time in testing your AMERICAN FACE POWDER, and find it magnificent. In future I shall not be without it. Respectfully, ROSE OSBORN. Don't go yachting without HUB PUNCH.

## A HAPPY FAMILY.

PULLED from the breast, squeezed from the bottle, Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle; Baby hollers all the night, Household bumping heads in aw of fright. Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria, Night was hideous without CASTORIA; When colic left, for perfect sleep, All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE has a remarkable affinity for the skin, making it soft and smooth. Try PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

A \$15 SHOT-GUN FOR \$5.50.—The handsome offer made by the Saxon Importing Co. in their advertisement on another page, simply to introduce a new gun, is one of the greatest bargains in firearms. They actually offer a first-class breech-loading shot gun for \$5.50. Any man or boy who needs a good weapon should hasten to take advantage of this offer, especially as the offer is limited as to time, and they have only a certain number to dispose of at that price. Many thousands of these guns are already in use in Europe, and they are said to give great satisfaction. We call our readers' attention to the advertisement of the Saxon Importing Co.

THE ST. NICHOLAS, New York, is as fresh and youthful as in its youthful days, and well deserves the reputation it acquired years ago. Exquisite order and neatness and a luxurious table are attractions that experienced travelers always appreciate; and these are just the requisites which make the ST. NICHOLAS such a perennial favorite.

"OVER THE HILL TO THE WHITE HORSE," a poem, dedicated to the honored mother of the late President Garfield, has been prepared in book form, and is commanding a large sale throughout the country. It contains a fine autotype picture of the elder Mrs. Garfield, with her autograph. The United States News Company are exclusive agents for the sale of the book, which is very neatly gotten up.

[From The Christian at Work, N. Y.]

MUSIC INSTANTANEOUS.—Here is an astounding announcement in regard to music. It is nothing more or less than that people who have never taken a lesson in music can at once play on the piano or organ. This is just as true as it is strange. We know it is as it is stated, for we tried it with several young persons who knew nothing what-over about music. They began to play at once, and they played correctly. They had no difficulty in doing it. Both they and those who heard it enjoyed it. By the instructions given in "Edison's Instantaneous Guide to the Piano and Organ" anybody who can read and count can quickly learn to perform with fluency on any instrument that has a keyboard. A more simple and easy and pleasant entertainment was never offered to the public. Now there will be no use for any young lady saying, on being invited to play, "I don't know how to play," or, "I never took any music lessons." All she has to do is to sit down at the piano with "Edison's Instantaneous Guide" before her, and playing becomes as easy as reading a newspaper. One dollar sent to the Edison Music Co., 215 and 217 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, will bring in return the printed facilities for playing seven tunes, together with the directions for use. We know that we are stimulating the curiosity of our readers in telling them about this, and we are very glad to do so in so good a cause, for we like to say a good word for anything which is as genuine a help to music in the home as we know this to be. We should be glad to know that each one of our subscribers had sent a dollar to the Edison Music Company for this music, and from positive knowledge we assure all who do so that they will be more than satisfied with the result.

## "USE BIDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE."

MAYOR DANIEL F. BEATTY'S organ manufactory, at Washington, N. J., which was totally destroyed by fire on the 11th inst., will be rebuilt with all possible dispatch. Between four and five hundred men were employed, and many of these will be engaged upon the new buildings, which are expected to be completed within sixty days. Pending the completion of the new factory, Mayor Beatty has made arrangements which will enable him to ship organs in ten days from this time.

DO NOT go to the country without a bottle of ANGIOTURA BITTERS, to flavor your soda and lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine ANGIOTURA of world-wide fame, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

STUTTERING cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to Simpson & Co., Box 2236, New York.

# If You Want to Learn to Play, CALL AT OUR ROOMS AND RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS GRATIS.

Music for the Millions!

We will teach you to play any ordinary tune by sight without STUDY, REVIEWS, PRACTICE, or even Musical Talent. The Com any with FOR KITE \$1,000 it any Child ten ears old tells to play AN ONE of our Popular tunes on the PIANO, ORGAN or MEL DEON within ONE HOUR after receiving the Music and Instructions provided said Child can count, with the figures before it from 1 to 100 correctly.

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By which any CHILD or YOUNG PERSON can play any of the Popular Airs by not at sight without STUDY, REVIEWS, PRACTICE, or even Musical Talent. The Com any with FOR KITE \$1,000 it any Child ten ears old tells to play AN ONE of our Popular tunes on the PIANO, ORGAN or MEL DEON within ONE HOUR after receiving the Music and Instructions provided said Child can count, with the figures before it from 1 to 100 correctly.

7 PIECES of MUSIC with INSTRUCTIONS! Mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.00 Enclose one-cent postage stamp for Catalogue of Tunes.

Agents wanted in every State and County in the Union. EDISON MUSIC COMPANY, 215 & 217 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Claims are Great! But every word we put in print can be substantiated by facts and testimonials which refer to play before they have the music delivered with the music.

# Brain and Nerve Food. VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES.

Composed of the Vital or Nerve-giving Principles of the Oat-Brain and Wheat-Germ. IT GIVES VITALITY TO THE INSUFFICIENT BODY OR MENTAL GROWTH OF CHILDREN; FEEDS THE BRAIN AND NERVES, PREVENTS FREQUENT HEADACHES, GIVES QUIET REST AND SLEEP, IMPROVES BRAIN LEAGUES NO LESSONS, AND IS EXCELLENCE FOR FEELING. RESISTANCE TO ACIDITY IT PROVIDES GOOD HEALTH TO BRAIN AND BODY. IT IS A CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS AND DEBILITY IN YOUNG OR OLD. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by Druggists, or by mail. \$1. F. CROSBY CO., 631 & 663 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

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STEAMER SYLVAN GROVE, Connecting with TRAINS VIA GREENPOINT. Leaves pier foot of 23d St., East River, for MANHATTAN BEACH hourly from 9.45 A. M. to 7.45 P. M. Trains leave Manhattan Beach at 7.35 A. M. and hourly from 11.05 A. M. to 9.5 P. M. Steamer D. H. MARTIN, connecting with trains via HAY RIDGE, leaves pier foot of WHITEHALL STREET, foot of Elevated Road, hourly from 9.10 A. M. to 9.10 P. M. Trains leave Manhattan Beach at 8.10 A. M. and hourly from 10.10 A. M. to 9.10 P. M.

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WEIGHT 6 1/2 lbs. LENGTH 4 ft. **THE SAXON BREECH LOADER**

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Having been extensively introduced in ENGLAND and FRANCE, where they have given universal satisfaction, and, wishing to introduce them in the United States, we have concluded to sell a LIMITED NUMBER of this matchless weapon at a price which brings them within the reach of every one.

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**CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT—IT IS VALUABLE.**

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**CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT—IT IS VALUABLE.**

The above offer is only made to introduce this incomparable gun in this country. To protect ourselves from dealers ordering in large quantities, we have concluded to insert this advertisement, one time only, in this paper, hence require you to cut out the above certificate and enclose it to us with your order. We will not sell more than one gun to the same person, at the above price, and not then unless the order is accompanied by the above certificate. Our regular price is \$15.00, and that amount will be charged unless order is accompanied by Certificate. In no case will we send more than one gun with each Certificate. If you do not wish a gun for your own use, you will have no trouble in disposing of it at a handsome profit. In selling samples of the "SAXON" at \$5.50 each, we are making an ENORMOUS SACRIFICE, but we feel sure that one gun going into a neighborhood will sell ten more at our regular price. We wish to caution you against persons offering guns in imitation of the SAXON; to ascertain if the gun is genuine, see that the word "Saxon" is stamped on it. The sporting papers generally, join in praising THE SAXON BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN as being one of the most reliable sporting guns in the world. REMEMBER, this is a SPECIAL OFFER, and will not appear again, as we wish to introduce the SAXON BREECH-LOADER in America as soon as possible. We guarantee this gun to be exactly as represented, and will return the money if they are found to be otherwise. Should you desire it, we will send the gun C. O. D. (with the privilege of examination) on receipt of \$2.00, to guarantee us against loss by Express charges. If we are strangers to you we refer you to any bank or Express Office in New York City. For \$2.00 extra we will send with the gun, one of our New Sportsman's Cartridge Belts and 50 Metallic Base Remondable Shells. If you have friends in New York have them call and see us. Send money at our risk by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft payable to our order. Address

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It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

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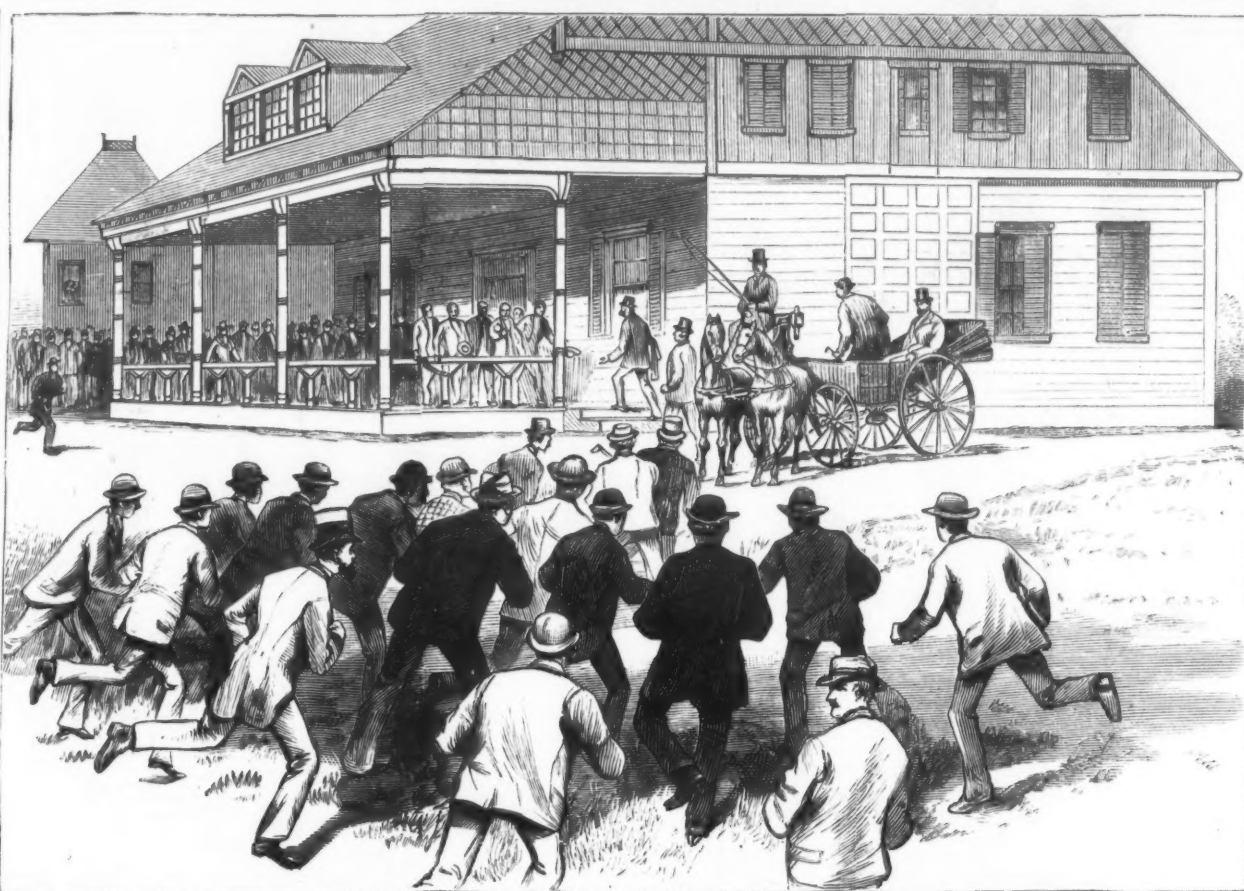
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ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR AT ELBERON, ON HIS VISIT OF CONDOLENCE TO MRS. GARFIELD.—SEE PAGE 85.

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THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER KEEPING VIGIL OVER THEIR DEAD.—SEE PAGE 85.



## THE SHROUD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BAUFELD.)

THE baby dead—  
The mother bowed her head,  
And wept and wept  
All the day and through the night.  
'Fore the morning light  
Stands the child before her there,  
Clothed in garment white.  
"Mother, cease thy weeping,  
For in the grave  
I would be sleeping;  
But your tears have made  
My shroud so cold, so wet,  
No sleep can I get."  
Vanished now her son,  
And the mother, left alone,  
Never wept again.

## THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

BY LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

THE snow lies thick upon the Shropshire Hills, rolling down and spreading over the valleys in one white wave of wintry ice; the old gray manor—a solitary house, a bewildering nest of gables and chimney-stacks, standing among the foothills, wrapped in an atmosphere of its own grayness—looked gloomier than ever, staring with its hundred glassy eyes upon the desolate scene without; no other habitation was in sight, save a few laborers' cottages lying low down in the hollow. Serried ranks of tall trees, like an army of wan, white ghosts, clothed in snow and armed with icicles, surrounded the house. Between the earth and the leaden skies there floated a heavy mist which shrouded every feature of the landscape; it seemed as though nature could know no resurrection from her wintry, death-like sleep.

Curious stories were afloat concerning the ancient homestead—stories and legends gleaned from the waste of ages, and generally believed in solemn faith. The old folk gather round the fireside, and tell many weird tales of the buried dead, who cannot rest in their graves, but are seen once in a while, sometimes within the house, and sometimes wandering without it. One fact is certain, that no elder son for four centuries has succeeded to the property; the last direct heir who inherited died in the year 1610. His life had been a scandal, a tissue of petty crimes and vices, beyond the reach of law or justice, crowned at last by sacrilege, the least pardonable of all sins; he had fled from the altar, pursued by the priestly curse, and as he galloped recklessly across the hills, his horse stumbled over a tree-stump, and in the morning he was found stiff and stark, staring at the blazing sun.

From time to time, throughout these centuries, a shadowy horseman had been seen galloping over the hills at sunset; at least, so said tradition, which was firmly believed, especially as a living member of the present community has "seen it with his own eyes." Since the death of this Sir Hugh, as I have said before, no direct heir had ever inherited the estate; it had dodged about between nephews and cousins.

The present possessor was a collateral descendant, Colonel Hastar, a widower with an only daughter, a bright, sparkling blonde, scarcely out of her teens, whose vivacious spirits lighted the gloom that clung to the old mansion, and could not even let the hidden echoes be at rest. In her youthful, high spirits she went singing and whooping about the old house as though she followed a pack of phantom hounds. She and her father stood on this special morning at the west window, looking out on the white wilderness; he was wrapped up from head to foot, and was pulling on his sealskin gloves. A sound of bells broke on the frosty air, and a sled, drawn by a pair of splendid high-stepping horses, drove up to the entrance door.

"I am sorry to leave you alone, my pet," said the colonel, "but I must go. You see, the business is important, and I don't suppose by any possibility I can return before to-morrow evening. I'm afraid you'll be very dull."

"Not at all, papa. On the contrary, I shall quite enjoy rambling about this queer old place. Who knows what mystery I may bring to light before you come back?"

"They've been telling you such wild tales, Gerty—you're sure you're not nervous? You'll not be frightened?"

"Not if I saw a whole regiment of my dead ancestors march through the corridor and disappear through the ceiling! No, I'm not at all afraid of ghosts; indeed, I should rather like to see my aunt—my great-grand aunt, isn't it?—who walks about with her head under her arm; but I am afraid of thieves! I don't like the look of those ugly tramps, who hang about the stable-yard; they look like burglars in disguise."

"No fear of them cattle, miss," said the sanctimonious-looking man-servant, who was clearing the table; "they never go anywhere unless they're sure of their plunder; and we've got nothing for 'em to steal."

"No? Why, where's all the old family plate and—"

"Locked up with all the other valuables in that wonderful underground cellar I told you of," said the colonel. "So you may rest in peace, my darling, and if I am detained in Shrewsbury beyond to-morrow I'll telegraph."

In another moment, the bells were jingling merrily, as the sled was driven rapidly over the untrodden snow.

Colonel Hastar had only lately succeeded to the property, and Gerty had only been in the house about a fortnight, so there were plenty of unexplored nooks and corners, cupboards and chambers, which would afford occupation for her leisure hours during the dreary day. She started on her first rambling expedition over that portion of the house which had been least inhabited.

There was one room, called "the bridal chamber," which had not been occupied for many a year; a melancholy romance of the old dead days clung to it. Tradition is, perhaps, as often an inventor of fiction as a preserver of facts; but tradition in this case was supported by substantial evidence. Grand preparations had once been made for the marriage of Sir Gaspar Hastar, the then owner of the estate. On the wedding-day, while the joy bells were ringing, the guests making merry at the banquet, and full-hearted festivity was stirring on every side, the bride's feet stumbled, and she fell dead on the threshold of the bridal chamber! Vague rumors got afloat; some said she had been poisoned, some that she had died by the visitation of God; however that might be, the bridegroom lived thenceforth alone, a moody, silent man to the end of his days, and left a desire in his will that the room should remain untouched and uninhabited, just as the dead bride had left it, for a hundred years. His desire had been respected, but the hundred years were still unexpired.

Gerty's inquisitive eyes peered into this desolate chamber; the foul air rushed forth with a ghostly moan, and almost drove her back, and the moldy odor stifled her. The narrow windows, black with dust, rattled in their rusty frames; the gorgeous curtains hung in faded, ragged fragments; moth and mildew had eaten away the blooming, embroidered flowers, and destroyed the gilded magnificence of mirrors, cabinets and lounges; the bed hangings were slowly rotting, and the cushion which should have pillowed the fair bride's head was dropping to pieces, a feathery, frosty mass of damp and grime. Generations of spiders had draped the ceiling with their webs, and over the floor and chairs and tables the world of snails and slugs had left their shiny trail. Gerty shivered, held her breath, and glanced round; it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy she saw the dead bride's skeleton grinning through the rotten hangings; and she quickly closed the door, which had rarely, very rarely, been opened. She peered into wicked-looking closets, drew an old worm-eaten box into the light, and rummaged over its contents, consisting of old dry-as-dust parchments and papers, crumbling to decay, like the hand that traced them centuries ago. She soon got tired of this occupation, and found that rambling over the ancient mansion was, after all, but dull, dreary work. So she strolled into the corridor, or picture-gallery, and, folding her arms behind her, marched up and down, reviewing her dead ancestors with a critical eye, sometimes making her observations, which were not always of the most complimentary character, aloud. An imposing assembly they were, all in the picturesque attire in which they had severally lived. It was strange to observe how the family likeness died away for generations, and then came out again stronger than ever. This was particularly the case in the resemblance of a very young and beautiful woman, dressed in the costume of Charles I., to the young lady who now regarded her. There were the same gray eyes, creamy complexion, and even the contour of face and figure were the same; it looked like Gerty Hastar in masquerade; indeed, if she had let down her long curling tresses, you might have thought that Dame Alice, who had been resting in her grave for two centuries, had stepped out of her gilded frame and was alive again. Near to her was a grim-looking Puritan soldier, whose stern soul seemed to look out from his painted eyes upon this saucy young scion of his house as she made a little moue at him, and said, nodding her head familiarly:

"Ah, you may stare! I'm not afraid. You're a horrid, wicked man; I know all about you, and I wonder you're not ashamed to look your family in the face! I dare say you are, but you're stuck fast and can't run away." She made a profound courtesy to the Lady Alice. "My beautiful Auntie! I wish you could speak! what nice talks we'd have! I wonder if she knows how much I admire her," she added, addressing her old nurse, who had followed her with a shawl, fearing she would get a chill in the cold corridor.

"My dear Miss Gerty," answered that faithful attendant, slightly scandalized at the idea, "how can you talk like that? when the poor lady's been dust and ashes, nigh on two hundred years?"

"But I suppose her spirit isn't dust and ashes, too?" said saucy Gerty. "I love to look at her—she is like me, they say. I have heard her sad story, and I feel such an intense sympathy for her, though she has been dead two hundred years." Sometimes I fancy it may be her spirit that has descended to me. You have heard of the transmigration of souls, nurse?"

"Can't say I have, my dear," she answered; "but I've heard of the transportation of bodies, and very bad bodies, too, that transportation's too good for 'em."

"I don't see why we shouldn't inherit the spirit of our ancestors, as well as their flesh and blood," rejoined the girl, thoughtfully, "physical resemblances and natural antipathies and good and bad dispositions, descend from generation to generation, and—"

"Descend from fiddlesticks to fiddlesticks, my dear," interrupted the old lady, impatiently. "Not but you are wonderful like the Lady Alice, poor soul! You know, it was she whom her cruel father turned out of the house, and she wandered away over the hills and was found dead in the snow, with her baby at her breast. They do say that at times she comes wailing round the house, and tries to get in; but then I mustn't bother you any more with these old-world stories—come your ways out of this chilly place, my dear. I'm sure it's none too lively."

Gerty flitted about the house all day in a restless, excited fashion, and in the evening, she sat by the fireside chatting with old Dorothy, listening to her garrulous gossip of bygone days, interspersed with scraps of traditional

scandals, which had become accepted as family history. The elderly domestic mind seems to revel in sensational horrors, and Dorothy was no exception to the general rule. She told old tales, till the girl's brain quickened with strange fancies, and when the night closed in, as she passed along the passages and up the stairs, the air seemed palpitating with living memories, as though some invisible spirit was stirring everywhere, striving once more to get within mortal ken, and reveal itself to the humanity it had shaken off. Dorothy followed her, carrying a lamp, whose flickering light drove the dancing shadows back into their dingy corners. Sir Hugh's painted eyes seemed to be following her whichever way she turned.

"I fancy you may be a little nervous to night, my dear," said Dorothy. "so I am going to sleep in the little room next to yours."

"All right, nurse," replied Gerty; "but I'm not in the least nervous, only a little lonesome. I am not used to wander about by myself quite all day, and—I think I miss papa—and—Oh! nurse, go away, you worry me." Once left alone, she commenced humming to herself softly as she prepared for bed, glancing furtively round from the corner of her eye as she proceeded; then apostrophizing herself mentally, she said: "How silly you are, Gerty! the idea of any one who has once got out of this world, wanting to come back, for the pure malice of frightening a poor girl to death. I don't believe God would allow it."

She flung back the curtains, letting a full flood of moonlight fall in one broad bar across the floor; for a second only, she glanced out upon the white-shrouded world. So far as the eye could reach, it was snow—all snow. It looked so vast, so wild and desolate, that she shivered, though she was not cold, and trembling in every limb for no apparent reason, crept into bed, and closed her eyes, firmly resolved to shut all foolish fancies from her brain and sleep—no temptation should force her to unclose her eyes till the morning broke.

Vain resolution! the blood raced through her veins; her pulse beat as though keeping time to soundless music. She turned restlessly on her pillow, her mind disquieted, and her imagination strangely stirred. At last, exhausted with nervous excitement, she dropped into a disturbed sleep, checkered by strange dreams; scraps and fragments of the weird imaginings which had filled her waking hours floated through her half-awakened brain.

Suddenly, stirred by some strong impulse, she started up in her bed, broad awake! The moonbeams had faded slightly, and a paler, greener light lay across the floor. The house was silent; there was not a sound anywhere, except that created by the wind, which ran moaning and groaning round the house, rattling against the window-panes with its invisible hand. Gertrude thought of the Lady Alice, who had perished in the snow years ago, and whose restless spirit, they said, sometimes in winter nights came wandering round the house, wringing its hands, moaning, "Let me come in! Let me come in!" She almost fancied she saw the white face pressed against the window-pane.

She listened for a moment, and then—was it fancy? or did she really see the faint glimmer of a light beneath the door? She sank back in her bed and watched, with all her life centred in her eyes. The light grew stronger, flickered, and at last stopped at her chamber-door. It opened softly, and a dark figure, carrying a lantern, with its light turned from her, stole into the room. As the figure approached her bed she shut her eyes, and with an effort kept them firmly closed, as she felt the light pass over them; then the strange visitor glided round her bed and crossed to her toilet table. She lay still, scarce daring to breathe for a moment, which seemed an age; then she heard a sharp noise, the clank of keys, and half unclosed her eyes in time to see a white face reflected in her looking-glass, and a dark form glide out of the open door! She sprang out of bed and followed it along the corridor and down the stairs, taking care to keep in the shadow all the while. It stopped at the cellar-door, the underground cellar, where all the valuables were kept! She watched, and waited while he opened the cellar door, descended the few stone steps and disappeared in the gloom. Quick as thought, and silent as light, she sprang forward, slammed the door, and turned the ponderous key in the lock! Ghost or thief was caught!

She speedily roused the household, which consisted of a few women-servants only. Whitaker was not to the fore; he had perhaps caught the alarm and gone to the village for help. The women crowded round the cellar-door and listened—there was not a sound, all within was as silent as the grave.

"You were nervous last night, my dear," said old Dorothy; "you must have followed a fancy; I don't believe there is anybody there. Give me the key, and we'll soon find out."

But Gertrude held it fast.

The solitary policeman, accompanied by half-a-dozen laborers, was soon upon the spot, the door was opened, and the sanctified man-servant, Whitaker, was discovered, seated on the top of a barrel with his face buried in his hands.

"Whitaker!" exclaimed the amazed Gertrude, "is it possible! was it you who crept into my room and stole my keys?"

"It might have been, Miss Gertrude—God knows," he replied, lugubriously. "I've been afflicted with sleep-walking more or less all my life. I was anxious about the property, miss, and—I suppose it was that brought me here."

As a quantity of plate and other articles of value was found, already packed up ready for removal, his plea of somnambulism was not accepted in a court of law; for, though Justice will sometimes wink with one eye, or halt on one foot, she is rarely wholly blind or wholly

crippled, and in this instance saw her way clearly.

Mr. Whitaker was not only convicted of this infamous attempt at robbery; the law held the clew to his life in its hand, and unraveled some very ugly mysteries, which resulted in Mr. Whitaker's being doomed to a term of seclusion, where he may repent of his old sins—or concoct new. So ended Gertrude Hastar's terrible night.

## A FAIR PHYSICIAN.

COCKS had crowed and hens had cackled for a full hour at least. This was a world of scratching, they said to themselves, and eggs were not built in a day. Early to bed and early to rise make fowls healthy and lively and wise. The robins in the apple-trees had been piping and trilling that it was day, till they half expected to hear the noon-bell ringing. The spiders had long since hung out their glittering webs a-drying on the wild rose-bushes. The bells of the morning-glory, blue and pink and purple, had swung for hours outside the dairy-window before the delinquent Mrs. Mary Lothbury lifted the latch and entered—not as her wont was, quickly, as with desire, but on leaden feet of dull resolve, and looking white as her own linen.

There stood the row of milkpails waiting to be emptied, to be washed, to be spread in the sun, already fierce and hot outside. There was the long array of pans mantling with yellow cream. There, in the corner, waited the exacting churn, the dasher leaning toward her hand with what seemed a malevolent readiness. As she took up the skimmer the kitchen clock struck six.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Lothbury; "morn'g lost, evening crossed."

But when, with conscientious care, she had stripped the third pan of its rich abundance, she laid down her weapons, so to speak, and capitulated to the one foe able to conquer that resolved soul.

"Jack!" she called, at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, mother," answered a cheerful voice from among the lilac-bushes; and a brown curly head, set on the slender shoulders of young manhood, showed itself in the doorway. "What, another of the evil brood! Go straight to bed, mother! I'll go over for Smithson's girl, Jane; and I'll make you some tea, and manage my own breakfast. Don't you worry about me. But you see I was right, mother. You must have a girl. Shall I help you upstairs?"

"No, dear. You just see to yourself. The coffee's ready, and the bread's in the stone pot, and there's a currant pie, and dried beef, and cheese in the larder; and if you want to fry yourself a slice of meat, there's the fat in the red jar, and the veal's hanging up in the store."

But though the mother-instinct insisted on thus making the way easy for its young, human nature shuddered at this catalogue, and poor Mrs. Lothbury staggered to her bed, too horribly ill to speak again for hours. Sight and sound were alike dreadful. The droning hum of bees, plunging deep into the white sweetness of the astringes outside, was as the bray of a trombone. Her heavy limbs ached, to ache the more as she tried to rest them in new positions. It seemed to her that the deadly nausea was in her feet, in her arms, in her spine—everywhere.

That the entrance of any human being, even her beloved Jack, would be unendurable, she knew. But, oh, if some phantom, some invisible, inaudible agency, would but turn the swivel of the blind, where a ray of horrible sunlight was already creeping in!

How could she ever have let that bottle of Bohemian glass stand on her bureau, even though Jack had given it her, filled with cologne for her poor head! Its vivid red seemed to smite her through the cloud of dull pain above her brows. And if she shut her eyes, it did but glare the redder. Jack brought her the tea, and it was vile. Presently Jane, the servant from Smith's, came creeping in with demonstrative quietness, in shoes that creaked, and gown that crackled, to set down a tinkling tray by the bedside.

Mrs. Lothbury, who would have mourned over a lie as over a lost soul, had she been capable of telling one, feigned sleep to dismiss that amiable vandal. But when she opened her eyes and saw the yellow butter and deep blue plate, the brown toast, the red milk-pitcher, the black earthen teapot, she felt that sex alone, not gratitude nor Christian grace, bridled her tongue from profane and vain-talking.

Meantime Nature, who did not include sick-headache or any other mortal malady in her scheme of existence, went about her usual business. The sun mounted higher and higher, cattle browsed, sheep fattened, buds blossomed, crops grew. Among these the plantage at the grammar school of the neighboring town of Shrewsbury flourished apace. Here lay the daily toil of Mr. John Lothbury, principal, a sensitive, conscientious fellow, of indomitable will, loving work, and toiling to kindle in duller brains and lighter natures his own enthusiasm and his own resolve.

Taking no rest, spending of his intense personality with prodigal readiness, inheriting from his mother a set of tense and swift-responding nerves, the youth found himself beset, once a fortnight or so, by the same fiend, sick-headache, which had devastated years of her useful life. He was young and heroic. Sometimes he would grapple with it, hold it still, and, thus hampered, go through the routine of his work after a dull fashion. Sometimes he yielded, undergoing tortures greater than his mother's, as his imagination was more vivid. But, either way, he counted a month out of each year an unredeemed sacrifice to this Moloch.

On this Summer day he felt wonderfully alert and alive. The boys thought he made



Cesar and Anabasis almost interesting, with his vivid sketch of the splendid life of the Republic, and his showing up of hot-headed Cyrus and cool, cruel, able Artaxerxes, "long-memoried" for his wrongs. But in secret he was much disquieted; for Miss Alice Carter was to come that afternoon, and he felt that his poor mother would "worry" more than was needful.

Not that he had not his own misgivings. A strong-minded young woman, who had graduated first in her class at a medical college and walked the hospitals abroad for a year, who had written a prize treatise on some disgusting and sanguinary subject, and no doubt practiced vivisection, should be, to his thinking, though for quite opposite reasons, like Wordsworth's Lucy—

"A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love."

He fancied he knew how she would look; slight, sandy complexioned, her light characterless hair very neat and wholly uninteresting, her dress very upright and uncompromising about the biases, collars and cuffs prim and spotless—no "sweet neglect" about her, nor even "the adulteries of art," which notwithstanding Ben Johnson, he thought most bewitching. She was so distant a cousin that kinship had not made the invitation obligatory. But his mother had dearly loved her mother, and when that gentle widow wrote that her dear Alice had returned, and that she longed to have her ever-beloved Mary know her before she settled down to her profession, the ever-beloved and ever-obliging Mary replied at once that the young traveler should be made welcome.

A caravan of unexpected guests could not upset Mrs. Lothbury's perfect order, nor find her garrison unprovided. But she confided to Jack that she "expected a girl who had lived in Paris and most of the principal German towns would find the way of living at the quiet Lothbury Farm very old-fashioned and dull." And he imagined that she secretly dreaded the incursion, as he did. Polite he would certainly be, but he thought he would move his books out to the stable loft, and live as little as possible at home while Doctor Alice remained. He wished women would keep to their own sphere, and let men's work alone. By the time school-hours were over, the compositions inspected, all the school exercises done, and his face turned homeward, he was sure that he detested unwomanly women, and of these sinners he reckoned female doctors chiefest.

As he opened the kitchen door, Smith's Jane, as she was generally called, stood revealed, buxom, red-armed, good-natured, carefully straining aromatic broth into a china bowl. "Twas her notion," she explained. "I shouldn't never have touched the best set—no, nor made the soup neither—without I had been told. I took her up the toast an' tea, as you said, and she never looked at 'em. But she said she must take something or other, and she made it herself. You never see such a handy little thing. And she's gave her some sort o' revivin' medicine; it didn't have no taste or smell, as far as I see, and she a-settin' up already, an' sez her headache's nearly gone, and I never knowed her out o' bed before in less than two days, when it really took hold on her."

What meaning even so close a translator of difficult tongues as Mr. Jack Lothbury would have distilled from this speech may not be known. For at this pause there appeared in the opposite door the most satisfactory gloss imaginable. A fluffy head, all blonde curls, puffs, frizzes, he knew not what; pink cheeks, laughing brown eyes, shining teeth, a cambric gown that might have awed him, had it not been even more picturesque than fashionable; trim slippers beneath its abbreviated crispness—behold the key to Sarah's voluble obscurity!

"I am Alice Carter," said the phantom of delight, coming forward, with frank hand outstretched. "and I beg your pardon for coming unannounced. But we found the late train did not connect. And mamma said Aunt Mary could not be taken at a disadvantage. Having come, my professional nose sniffed action at once. Jane was the best of assistants"—shedding a brilliant smile on that staring neophyte, which Jack was inclined to consider a waste of riches—"and between us we have really set your mother on her feet again. Now I'm going to administer my next remedy, and then you may talk with her as long as she'll listen. I think we can persuade her out on this lovely veranda." And the doctor disappeared with her savory broth.

How it was brought about neither Mrs. Lothbury nor her son Jack could have told, but, within three days of Doctor Alice's advent, a neat-handed servant had been installed at the farm. Mrs. Larkin having repeated for thirty years that she "didn't see the sense of having a girl to clear up after," and her son being accustomed to accept as final whatever domestic views his mother promulgated, received the new dispensation with submission on the one part and rejoicing on the other. The doctor's luggage appeared to consist in great part of three-volume novels and an infinite variety of lighter books. And when Jack came home one afternoon to find his mother comfortably seated in her large chair on the veranda, deep in the fortunes of the last of Miss Braddon's heroines, instead of stirring up pancakes or making butter, he said to himself, "Alice is a witch, bless her!" Yes, already it had gone so far that the unwomanly doctor was "Alice" to him. And at tea this studious young sage, who spent all his leisure in gardening among classic roots, announced that as to-morrow would be Saturday, he was sure they could not do better than have a row on the river, and spend a day amid the scenery of the Navesink valley.

But to-morrow it was Jack's turn. His head was chained to his pillow with shackles of pain. It was sea-sickness, he said to him-

self, without the palsy of the will. It was fever without the blessed intervals of unconsciousness. It was the rack, the thumbscrew, the iron boot. If the faint stirrings of desire might be called hope, he hoped his mother would not prescribe magnesia, or bring him the dreaded "cup o' tea."

By-and-by came Dr. Alice, with noiseless presence, cool hands, low voice, and potent perscription. As the slow hours dragged on, the headache yielded grudgingly, irresolutely, with spasms of reasserting power. Next day Jack was free from pain, but tired out and despondent. Sitting in the cool dusk of the honeysuckles, he said, "I'd give a third of my life, Alice, to buy off these headaches from the rest of it. Some times I think they will shut me out from any career whatever. Can't you cure them, little Galen?"

"No, Herr Professor, not while you invite them, solicit them, compel them."

"I, Alice? I don't give them an inch of vantage. I rise early, go to bed early, don't even smoke, and fight them to the death when they come."

"Jack, I should like to talk to you for your good, though you'll hate me for it. You've half-forgotten that I am a female doctor, and as a person I am less objectionable than you feared. 'Twere pity of my life to disturb this state of amity. But at heart I'm professional above all things, and you see I can't advise your mother lest I seem disrespectful."

"Lay on, Macduff! I dare say I sha'n't know when I'm hit. And if I do feel the 'whiff and wind of your fell sword,' I won't whimper!"

"Jack, do you know that your mother killed those six children whose little graves she showed me to-day by the old church wall?"

"Alice?"

"Yes, although she would have died for any one of them. And, but that you were tougher-fibred as well as finer-fibred than the rest, you would have completed the hecatomb. Your grandmother, mamma says, was exactly like your mother—all 'faculty,' energy and thrift. She would clean two rooms in a day—paint, windows, and all—churn, get the dinner for a great family of 'men folks,' take care of her children, and make a pair of pantaloons before bed-time. Of course, she was 'worrying,' with all her nerves on the surface, and of course she had to bequeath to her girls this same overwrought mental and physical condition. Aunt Mary, with less muscular strength than her mother, has emulated her achievements, and, half-starved herself, has half-starved her children—first in their inheritance, and second in their rearing."

"Alice, you are wild. Mother, and grandmother before her, made generous living a primal duty."

"That's just what I say, child. 'Generous living' is sure to be semi-starvation. You have had the finest of bread, and delicious, fatal 'light biscuit,' and cake, and preserves, and pastry, and all that kind of thing; and incessant coffee, and heavy 'boiled dishes' veiled in a film of fat, and fresh meats fried, and sausages and sparerib, sparerib, *toujours*, sparerib. What has your brain found in this Barmecide feast? What food for your delicate, tense nerves? Do you think it any wonder that they collapse, as it were, from inanition twice a month or so? You are starving for vital phosphates. Didn't you study physiology at school? Perhaps you teach it, even, and what do you care for its sacred teachings? Yes, I mean sacred. There's the religion of the body, let me tell you, unregenerate boy. You read that Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove. But why should you expect wisdom to be born from yours? You use it without mercy sixteen hours a day. You are subject to that fatal drain which stupidity is always making upon cleverness. There's no vampire like it. You never play. Why don't you swim, ride, dance, row, play cricket, lawn tennis, whist, and go to London during vacation for an instructive course of theatres?"

"When, Alice? Why, there isn't time. I leave out half the work I ought to do, as it is."

"Ought! ought! Oh dear! how shall we stop the roll of that Juggernaut which crushes all your race? You have no pure joy in existence. It doesn't even seem that you have any love of life in itself. It's only useful for the work you can wring out of it. You make yourselves less than your moods and tempers, less than your butter and cheese. Time! If there isn't time to get well and keep well, you'd better change for eternity, as you will, my dear young friend, if you don't reform. I know that the kind of headache which you and Aunt Mary are cursed with never comes except with over-work and under-feeding. She must go on to suffer, poor thing, though less, I hope. But you can cure yourself, if you will. Obey me, and you shall be a new man in a year, giving me that delight in your growing health which an artist feels in his growing picture."

"Dear Alice, I abhor bran, and mother would never cook it."

"Dear simpleton, who asked you? No; you shall have delicious soups, and inviting meats, and salads of celestial lineage, and vegetables and milk, and such bread as you have never tasted, made of flour whose whole value has not paid tribute to the miller."

"But this girl—"

"Oh, yes, she can. I'll teach her. We can do it all, and more, if only you will persuade your mother that it is my lark, or your whim, or what you will, so that we do not seem to subvert the law of generations, or reproach the old order with the new. Don't you see what a new creature she is, since I have made her rest? And when she says, plaintively, as in her moments of rebellion she does, 'The house is not what it was,' I reply, 'Never mind, dear Aunt Mary, the home is more. Did you ever see Jack so happy about you as now that you tuck up your feet and read in the afternoons or go out riding with me?' And then she is silenced, and takes another turn at

her novel with visible satisfaction. Do you suppose anything in life would make her so happy as for you to escape your headaches? And I have shown you the way."

"Having put myself in your hands, Doctor Carter, I am bound to follow your prescription, I suppose. The preserves shall mold upon their shelves, the cake-box shall rust upon its hinges, cheesecakes from henceforth be called accursed."

"Admirable, Master Jack! I can stay two weeks longer, to see my remedies in action, and then you are to be on honor. At the Christmas vacation come to town, and I will administer the course of theatres advised, and measure your improvement. To-morrow afternoon, if you please, we will go to the top of that beautiful purple hill, up which you have not had the civility to invite me. As a young lady and your guest, I could not, of course, mention the omission; but as your physician, and in a strictly remedial manner, I proceed to rectify it."

From that day a new king arose over Egypt. No sparkling brook hid itself so cunningly among the leaves that Jack and Alice did not find in the long Summer afternoons, when work was done. No hill was too difficult for their nimble feet, no prospect too distant for their adventuresome wanderings. Sometimes Aunt Mary joined them in their frolic, wondering at herself for electing play when work waited to be done, feeling herself apostate to the faith of her fathers, yet delighting in the fun of these children, and rejoicing to see her son so brown and hungry.

Then Doctor Alice had to say good-by and betake herself to town, evolving what she called her "office" from a confusion of books, pictures, flowers, patterns of wall-paper, white muslin, and the spoils of her life abroad. When Jack saw it, at Christmas, his notions of the fitness of professional life for women underwent further disintegration. And as he wandered down the railway platform, looking out for a car in which to continue his homeward journey at the close of his holiday, he said to himself, "Nothing could be more refined; my mother's house, even, does not look half so feminine."

But if the canny Mrs. Carter had expected that her pretty and professional daughter would establish herself in another vocation when she sent her on a missionary visit among the Franklin Hills, hers was a hope deferred. For it was a year after this before the correspondence, of which a specimen is appended, enriched the department:

HE TO HER.

"... So I have been offered the Professorship of the Classics at College. Will you come, too? I would not ask you while my lines were fixed at Shrewsbury, wanting to leave you free to live your own life of books and thought and work, which there you could not do. At College the society is delightful, and I think you would be happy. If it is your wish still to practice your profession, I have no more right, as I trust I have no more wish, to object than you would have concerning mine. And, indeed, I hold that there is no nobler work in the world than yours. Personally, it would ill become me to limit your beneficence. For know, Doctor Alice, that I have not had a vestige of sick headache in six months. I said I would give a third of my life to save the other two from its ravages."

"Take, O doctor, thrice the fee—  
Take, I give it eagerly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Devils blue have gone from me."

"Does not this sound like a love-letter? If I do not say that I adore you with all my heart and soul and mind and strength, it is because you found it out, as you found out everything else about me, by witchcraft, I believe, months on months ago. And if I seem too jolly for the attitude of prayer I assume, it is because the hope of having you always has gone to my brain—weakened, as who knows better than you, by intervals of agonizing pain, from my birth—and intoxicated me as with the mead of the gods. Would not 'Doctor Lothbury' serve every end as well as 'Doctor Carter'? Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar."

"I use this form of entreaty rather than another more familiar to poets and lovers because you assured me that, before all things, you were professional. My little darling, I am hedged about with dangers. At College, the other day, I was even offered and pressed upon with—pie! If I have a housekeeper, I doubt not that poisonous compound will be daily on the table, and presently, in an unvigilant moment—perhaps when I am lost in reflection on a doubtful *ictus*, I shall fall. My life—or, at least, my digestion, which, in your view, is more than life—I lay at your feet. We are rich for country-folk, little Alice. I have bought a charming house at College, and the reception room seems to be peculiarly eligible as an office. You shall have it on the most favorable terms and permanently by addressing at once, your devoted  
J. L."

SHE TO HIM.

"DEAR SIR—My diagnosis is favorable. Your summary of symptoms I find satisfactory. No headache in six months. Good. A capacity to laugh over serious issues, and make the best of things, such as would have been quite impossible to you a year or so ago. Better. A hopeful, because gradually developed, sense of the necessity of obedience to your medical adviser in all things. Best. What you say of the advantages of the office you offer me has received my attention. I consider myself well placed, with a rapidly growing practice. But as my greatest success has been in the relief of maladiés of the nerves and digestion, and as a college-town is a settlement of dyspeptics, martyrs to sick-headache, the temptation to enlarge knowledge in my specialty is overmastering. I will, therefore,

take the office on the terms proposed, reserving to myself the right to use it for boudoir, reception-room, study or private growlery for the Professor of Greek and Latin at College, should it seem to me advisable. I will trouble you to have the key ready whenever I demand it; and remain, with recommendation to follow treatment as previously advised, truly yours,  
A. C."

"P. S.—It was the belief of the ancients that the liver was the seat of the affections. 'This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.'"

#### Jay Gould's Business Enterprises.

THE amount and extent of Jay Gould's investments form an interesting theme for discussion by the many people who are always fond of knowing all about the affairs of distinguished men. For the satisfaction of these inquiring minds, a New Orleans paper makes a calculation showing the following as Mr. Gould's ownership in railway mileage:

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Texas and Pacific.....  | 1,396  |
| Missouri Pacific.....   | 3,952  |
| Galveston, Houston and Henderson.....   | 50     |
| East Line and Red River.....  | 124    |
| Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific (including from Danville to Vincennes and Cairo)..... | 2,746  |
| Union Pacific system.....   | 3,446  |
| Total Gould mileage.....  | 11,714 |

This does not include the Mexican, Oriental, Inter-oceanic and International Railway of 1,200 miles, which would increase the mileage of the Gould system to about 13,000 miles. Rating the capital of this road at \$50,000,000, and adding \$86,000,000 for the Western Union Telegraph, and we have the following as the money value represented by the enterprises which Mr. Gould controls:

|  |               |
|--|---------------|
| Texas and Pacific.....                 | \$80,200,000  |
| Missouri Pacific.....                  | 160,000,000   |
| Galveston, Houston and Henderson.....  | 2,500,000     |
| East Line and Red River.....           | 5,000,000     |
| Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific.....     | 93,000,000    |
| Union Pacific.....                     | 180,000,000   |
| Western Union Telegraph.....           | 86,000,000    |
| Mexican, Oriental, etc., Railroad..... | 50,000,000    |
| Total.....                             | \$646,500,000 |

How much of this is actually owned by Mr. Gould in person, it is, of course, impossible to say.

#### The Seat of the Soul.

ALL sorts of definitions have been given of the soul, but it has remained for one of those inscrutable German philosophers and physiologists to locate and materialize it. This man declares that the seat of the soul is not in the breast nor in the brain, nor yet in the stomach, but in the nose. The olfactory nerve, he declares, is the soul. He formulates the theory that all proclivities and dispositions are regulated by the organs of smell, and from this starting-point he deduces some startling conclusions. Human beings and animals exhale different odors when under different excitements and influences, and these odors are the emanations of the soul. He asserts that by extracting the olfactory nerve of an animal, triturating it and bottling it up, we have that animal's soul in a form in which it can be practically used. Frequent smelling of a vial containing the dried, powdered and dissolved olfactory of a lion will inspire a coward with lion-like courage; a sniff of bottled tiger spirit will make the gentlest creature temporarily ferocious and bloodthirsty, and a smelling vial of lamb or hare will tame the savagest criminal and make him gentle or timid.

#### Englishmen Captured by Brigands.

A RECENT Parliamentary return presents the number of British subjects taken by brigands and held for ransom during the last twenty years. It may be remembered that lately the English Government has refused to hold itself in readiness for the ransoming of any of its own people. Since 1860 there have been fourteen such acts of brigandage in which Englishmen were sufferers. Two of these were in Mexico, two in Italy, two in Greece, four in Spain, one in Sicily, and two in Turkey. Perhaps the coolest act on the part of the brigands was the capture of Mr. Forester Rose, who was gobbled up close to the railway station at Lecara, near Palermo, Sicily. The bandits asked at first £5,000 for his release, but eventually Mr. Rose obtained his liberty on the lump payment of a beggarly £1,600, though other expenses attending the treaty for his delivery amounted to 20,000 lire more. Five thousand pounds have been demanded of the Italian Government, but so far without repayment or compensation to the sufferer. In Spain, in 1871, an Englishman, with his wife and a lady companion, was bagged by Spanish brigands near Denia, but got off quite cheaply with a ransom of £200. But Mr. Arthur Haseldin was by no means so lucky. He was taken in the Sierra Morena, in Spain, in 1874, and 4,000,000 reals (about \$200,000) was the sum fixed on by his greedy captors for his release. Before Haseldin was out of the clutches of these extortionate thieves they made quite a pretty penny out of him, some \$35,000. In 1870, not far from Gibraltar, two Englishmen were captured, and the Governor of Gibraltar paid £5,400 for their release. The most terrible of all the cases was the capture, in 1870, of Lord and Lady Manchester, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Vyner, and a Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and child, not more than twelve miles from Athens. Fifty thousand pounds was at first asked by the brigands, then £25,000 and an amnesty. It ended with the murder of Herbert, Vyner and Lloyd. The King of Greece gave Mrs. Lloyd £10,000, and the Government an indemnity of £50,000. Within the last few years the English Government have advanced something like £25,000 for ransoms.

#### The Flower of the Holy Ghost.

THERE is at present, in the conservatory of the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco, an attraction of unusual interest. The *Peristeria Elata*, or Holy Ghost flower, which recently commenced to bud, has within a few days blossomed. In the centre of the blossom of this extraordinary plant is, in miniature, the figure of a dove, the color being of snowy whiteness, excepting the wings, which are tinged with brown, in the attitude of drinking from a little white font. The larger petals of the flower bend about the remarkable figure like an oval frame around some piece of delicate waxwork. The plant now in the east wing of the conservatory is a remarkably large specimen, the stock on which are the blossoms being 5½ feet tall, and having fifteen well-defined buds; another stalk, growing from the same bulb, being 5 feet tall, and having twelve buds. This remarkable plant will continue to put forth blossoms for from six weeks to two months, when the parent bulb will die, leaving two small bulbs that will, if properly cared for, put forth stalks and bloom on nearly the same day in August next year as the parent blossomed on this. The bulbs of this extraordinary plant first came to San Francisco from the Isthmus of Panama, where it is very common, the residents calling it "*St. Esprit's Santo*," the Holy Spirit.





THE SACRIFICE FOR  
JAMES A. GARFIELD, SEP  
SEE PAGE 91.







## TWENTY-THIRD OF MARCH. AN ENGLISH STORY.

MARCH 23D, 1855.

"THAT'S a deuced handsome woman," remarked to me Captain Beresford, of Her Majesty's—Regiment of Foot, as we stood upon the deck of the *Himalaya*, watching the leave-takings on the jetty at Portsmouth in the month of May, 1854.

"The one in black, with a red rose in her hand?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You are not the only one who thinks so," I said. "That is Miss Sartoris."

"What the girl Bob Travers is engaged to?"

"That's it," I replied.

"Well, he's a very lucky fellow. But, if I were he, I should have made her Mrs. Travers before starting. Women are kittle cattle."

"Bob, I know, has implicit confidence in Miss Sartoris. He looks upon betrothal as marriage in the sight of heaven, and the church part of the business as a mere form."

"Really? Then he has more faith in women than I have."

"Oh, she's all right. Anyhow, I pity the fellow who plays any tricks with her in his absence."

"Is he, then, so formidable?" inquired Beresford.

"Any more for the shore?" sang out the first officer.

Then down went the hawser from the bow, up went the cheers, and away we went to the air of "*Partant pour la Syrie*," to bolster up the Crescent against the Cross.

Bob Travers was my brother subaltern and dearest friend, and I liked Beresford our captain. For the same reason that I do not like Dr. Fell, I did not like him. But Bob did, worse luck.

We landed at Varna; encamped for a while on the heights above; landed again at Eupatoria; rushed the Alma, where Bob got the V.C. for saving Beresford's life; and then burrowed like rabbits into the frozen crust of the plateau above Sevastopol.

At Inkerman, Beresford was wounded and sent home. Before going, Bob begged him to see Miss Sartoris, and tell her that all was well with him so far. I was sorry when I heard that he had done so.

Oh, the cold, the hunger, the unutterable horror of that terrible winter! But it passed at last, like another; and by the middle of March we once more tightened our grasp upon the enemy's throat. More batteries were thrown up, more guns mounted, and the trenches advanced all along the line. Meanwhile the Russ had not been idle; the Redan the Malakhoff, and each link of the chain of mighty earthworks was forged anew, and the position seemed more formidable than ever.

In the exuberance of his spirit our friend, the enemy, now kept up an incessant fire, and made every other night hideous by his visits to our batteries.

Upon the 23d of March the regiment formed part of the guard of the right attack. (Be it understood that the relief had taken place on the evening of the 22d.) My company was posted in the three mortar battery in the advanced trench, and I was ordered to keep a sharp lookout, as another sortie was expected. The sorties of late had been led by a man of great stature, magnificently dressed in the costume of an Arnaut. Twice, at the head of his men, he had swept our people clean out of the advanced trenches, and on both occasions put in an appearance at the mortar-battery where we stood.

It was a lovely night, and rather quieter than usual when I returned from posting my sentries out in the front. Facing us upon the left was the Redan, in the centre the Malakhoff, and to our right the Mamelon. Above the Malakhoff hung the full moon, which lit up the intervening space. In a couple of hours it would sink, and then there would be utter darkness.

I was leaning against the magazine at the back of the battery; Bob Travers joined me. We had marched down together, and I had noticed that he was not in his usual spirits. At the time I had said nothing; now I asked what was the matter.

"I am very miserable," he replied, "for many reasons; one being that I have a sort of presentiment that you and I, dear Willie, after this night, will never meet again."

"Nonsense!" I replied; "we have gone through worse than this; don't give way now to the blues. It will all come right, believe me, before long. Our flag will soon be flying over Sevastopol, and then Ellen Sartoris will soon make you forget the misery of these days."

"Don't speak of her," he said, hoarsely, "for God's sake!"

Startled at the strange tone of his voice, I looked around. The point of his sword was resting on the ground, his head so bent forward over the hilt that I could not see his face.

"Willie," he said, presently, in his usual gentle voice, "do you believe in apparitions, in the visits of the dead to the living?"

"It may be, Bob, that such things are; I can't say. There are those who affirm them to be so. At any rate, I give no opinion; for none of the departed have visited me yet."

"Should it happen, Willie, that you are bowled over first, will you promise to come to me within twenty-four hours after your death?"

"I don't see any reason, dear boy, why I should not; but tell me why you would like me to?"

"Because we might be suddenly separated from one another, and I should not like to believe you to be dead whilst, in fact, you were living. Nor would you, I am sure, care to be in ignorance of the truth about me."

"But what shall be the sign by which the

survivor shall know of the death of the other?" I asked.

"The dead one," he said, solemnly, "shall visit, within twenty-four hours, the living one in his dreams, and remind him of their last meeting by recalling to him its salient features. Thus, if I am expended to-night, to-morrow night you will see me as I stand here talking to you; and not only will you see me, but all the chief things that shall happen to you during this night; and then you will know that I am no more. But if you do not then see me and them, you are to believe that I am still alive, until the time comes when you do. Do you understand?"

"Yes, perfectly; and it shall be even as you say."

Then he turned to me, and, taking my hand, said:

"It is, then, a solemn compact. And now good-by, Willie, if I don't see you again."

"Where in the world are you going to?" I asked, anxiously.

"To visit my sentries. Once more, farewell!"

Then he disappeared in the darkness. The moon was now low. In ten minutes more she would be hidden behind the Malakhoff. Scarcely any firing was going on. The wearied men were leaning upon their arms, more or less asleep, against the side of the parapet, and away in the trenches to the right and left.

Later on the colonel (Campbell) came by.

"If he come at all, Dashwood," he said, "he will have to be quick about it. It will be daylight in an hour."

"You are speaking, sir, I suppose, of the Arnaut?"

"Yes, and you'd better call the men to attention. Poor fellows, they are apt to get sleepy about this time. Our friend may turn up at any moment. Last time he surprised the outlying sentries, crept up to this very battery unobserved, and found them all asleep. So keep a sharp look-out."

"All right, sir. Stand to your arms, my men," I cried; and the colonel moved on.

I think it must have been a quarter of an hour afterward when some one shouted out:

"Here they are!" and a moment later a volley of musketry from my men announced that the approach of the enemy had been discovered.

Opposite to where I stood with my back to the magazine were three mortars on their platforms, and in front of them a parapet some ten feet high, with a *banquette*. At the sound of the firing I sprang forward on to the centre platform, and had just shouted:

"Fire low, my lads, fire low!" when a gigantic form appeared against the sky upon the parapet in front of me.

It was the Arnaut! There for a moment he stood waving his sword to his followers, the light of frequent flashes of rifles and the glare of a gunner's portfire playing upon his embroidered jacket and white kilt. A noble figure! Then, with a wild cry, he threw himself into the battery, followed by others, and "went for" me. Half a dozen of my men, seeing me alone, rushed to the rescue. Twice I had parried the thrust of my assailant. Then there was a rush and a scrimmage, and I remember no more.

When I came to myself it was daylight. I was but little hurt, having been stunned only by striking my head in falling backward against the edge of the mortar-bed. They told me that the enemy had come over in force, had swept the advanced trenches as far as the four-gun battery; but were finally driven back, even to the glacis of the Redan.

They had found me, against a heap of slain, under the dead body of Arnaut, a bayonet-thrust having, at a happy moment for me, released his fiery spirit. We never knew his name, nor how it came to pass that the columns of the Moscovs came to be led by an alien; but this much is certain, that they had no leader of sorties before or since like unto him.

They took several pieces of gold and a pair of pistols, exquisitely mounted in chased silver (I wonder who has them now?) from his belt; then carried him to the rear and gave him a soldier's grave. And later on some one carved these words upon a rude cross, and set it by his head:

23d March, 1855.

TO THE ARNAUT.

Adieu!

Que la terre te soit légère!

Three officers and forty men were reported killed, and I forget now how many wounded. Among the former was, alas, although his body was never found, Bob Travers.

During the night following the sortie I slept like a top, without dreaming of him, it, or anything else. Was he, then, dead or alive?

In the course of the summer I heard that Beresford had married Miss Sartoris; and two months later on, his death at Monte Carlo, which seemed to have been somewhat sudden, was reported.

MARCH 23D, 1880.

"WHAT is the day of the month, Willie?" inquired Colonel Campbell of me one night, or rather early one morning, in the kitchen which serves as the smoking-room of a certain old-fashioned club close to St. James's Street.

"It is the 23d," I replied.

"The 23d of March! Why, that's the very day in '55 when the Russians came over in force, headed by the Arnaut. Ah, Willie, we lost many a good fellow that night. Let me see, there was Bob Travers, and—"

"I have a feeling, colonel, that Bob Travers is not dead."

"Not dead! Why, what nonsense! He was reported killed."

"I know he was, but his body was never found."

"My dear Willie, if he survived that night, he would have been made a prisoner and given

up after the war. What else could have become of him. I should like to know?"

"I don't know; but still, I have never believed that he was killed that night. More; I believe him to be living still, somewhere."

"But what grounds have you for such an idea? I can see none, at any rate."

"I have no grounds whatever. Yet I believe it to be even as I say. Faith is the evidence of things not seen, isn't it?"

He looked very hard at me; and I smiled, and said:

"No, I have not been dining with a friend; only had a pint of claret."

"Well," he said, "you are very strange to-night."

"It is a mystery, colonel. Good-night."

Then I went home and slept soundly. When I awoke, I found myself as usual in my rooms in Ashley Place. But it seemed to me as if five minutes before I had been thousands of miles away, and that the clock had been put back a quarter of a century. In short, I had in spirit passed the night in the trenches before Sevastopol on the 23d of March, 1855. Once more I had stood with my back to the magazine of the mortar-battery talking to Travers. Then the colonel had come up and bid me be on the alert. Again there had been the alarm, the Arnaut had stood high above me on the parapet, and we had crossed swords. And then there was the blank until I recovered from the shock of my fall and learnt what had happened.

A most vivid dream truly it was, and full to me, when I remembered the words Travers had used in explaining our compact, of significance.

"The dead one," he had said, "shall visit the living one in his dreams, and remind him of their last meeting by recalling its salient features; and you are to believe that I am still alive until the time comes when you shall see me and them."

Up to last night I had believed him to be living; now I believed him to be dead, though still there were no grounds for either belief. In less than a week I received a letter from a lawyer at Ajaccio, informing me that by the terms of the will of a resident deceased upon the 23d of March last, whom he named a Monsieur Robert, I had become the inheritor of a small property in Corsica, and begging me to favor him accordingly with instructions respecting it. With this communication was a sealed inclosure bearing the signature of Robert Travers. Thus it ran:

"They tell me, dear friend, that the sands of my life are well-nigh run out, and that ere long I shall be, thank God, where the weary are at rest. Although I have not seen you for five-and-twenty years, nor even heard of you for many a long day, I know that you are still living, or you would, in obedience to our solemn engagement in the Crimea, have visited me in the manner agreed upon. That I shall be permitted to visit you, I have no doubt; and in order that you may not fail to recognize me, I have directed that this message shall be dispatched to you immediately after my death. Now that I know for certain that I am on the very border of the unknown land, I may lift for you the veil, which, ever since the 23d of March, 1855, has concealed from all men the fact of the existence of Robert Travers."

"Do you remember, Willie, your speaking to me in the trenches of Ellen Sartoris, and of my shrinking from the mention of her name? I am sure you do. Well, let me now tell you that my reason for doing so was simply that I had heard the night before from my mother that she, my fiancée, and Beresford, the man whose life I had saved, were to be married in ten days. Some men, upon the receipt of such news, console themselves with the bitter reflection that a faithless mistress and a treacherous friend are not worth worrying about. An excellent philosophy, no doubt. But I had staked everything upon the fidelity of mine, and now I was resolved to sacrifice my honor as a soldier, and to risk my life in order to punish the scoundrel who has undermined it. Yes, Willie, that night I vowed that Beresford should not enjoy, at least, for long, the fruits of his villainy. Accordingly, after leaving you in the battery, where, indeed, we were driven back into the first parallel, I, instead of returning with the regiment to the front, went straight away to Kamiesch changed my dress there for the uniform of a French officer, got on board a vessel just starting for Marseilles, and in ten days was in Paris. Two days after my arrival I received a letter from my mother informing me that Ellen was married to Beresford, and had gone there, too. I soon discovered the hotel where they were staying, and from that hour never lost sight of them. Speaking French as I do, like a native, disguised, and under a feigned name (that of Robert), I followed my victim from place to place half over Europe, until one day his body was found in an olive grove above Monte Carlo, with a blue mark upon the left breast, as if made by a bullet. Suicides, you know, are common enough in Monaco. No one, except myself, had any doubt that he was another of Monsieur Blanc's victims. Then I went over to Corsica, where I've lived ever since."

"And now farewell. Yet a little while, and you will see me, and then know that it is all over at last with the fever and fret of an unhappy life."

ROBERT TRAVERS.

One day in April I met the colonel in St. James's Street.

"Well, Willie," he said, "how about Travers? Is he still alive?"

"No, he is dead," I replied.

"Why, you said he was alive only a month ago!"

"Quite true. He died on the 23d of March."

"Where, may I ask?"

"In Corsica."

"How did he get there?"

"Let me answer one question by another. Who was the best of the young ones in your old regiment?"

"Why, Bob Travers, by a long way."

"Then, as I should not like you to think otherwise of him now, don't press me to answer that question. *De mortuis*, you know colonel, *nisi bonum*."

## "MY FORTUNE, SIR!"

"SEND for him to come out here, auntie! There is room enough for him here, surely!"

"Yes, my dear." Aunt Mary looked up from the letter she was pondering over.

"There is room enough out here, certainly; but as to the work, one would like to be certain about that, you know."

"Work!" exclaimed Gertrude Knowles, impetuously, the red blood flushing darkly into her cheeks, her beautiful eyes lightened with a proud scorn; then she remembered to whom she was speaking and of whom. "Yes, auntie," she began, with more self-control, "there will be work here on my own place. First, about the timber I sold to the Eastern Railway Company. I did not sell it indiscriminately, that great forest so beautiful. Oh, no! I was not such a simpleton as that. I reserved some of the finest parts; and if Mr. Gorham should chance to cross the line of contract, thinking I am a woman and won't know, then there will be a fine lawsuit some day."

"My dear Gertrude," exclaimed the elder lady, "I hope you are not going to get into any trouble with Mr. Gorham. Those powerful railway companies—"

She was quite frightened.

"And then there are all the herds up yonder under the hills," pursued Gertrude, not heeding, but interrupting her. "One would like to know what those herd boys do with all their time and their money. I have a suspicion that as soon as they are paid their month's wages they rush off to the nearest gambling or drinking saloon and squander it all. It must be seen to; it will not answer to let them go on like that to sure ruin; and Graham can't see to everything."

"Of course not," assented Aunt Mary, absently.

"So you see, auntie, you can send a message to Mr. James Russel Mordaunt as soon as ever you like, bidding him come, and he shall have work. After all, Auntie Mary, I don't think it is any pitiable chance that takes a man's money away from him, and then gives him the opportunity to come out to this beautiful land, where all day long he can hear the beat of hammers, the song of the woodsman, and then, when the thud of the sharp ax ceases, hear the long-echoing groan sounding through the forest when the big oak or pine-tree crashes down. Ah, it is grand!"

When she spoke these words her color rose, her voice rang clear and tender, like the music of a flute; and, indeed, it is probable that if, when Mr. James Russel Mordaunt received that flattering communication from his aunt in the Far West, and read it and stared it over so—it is probable that if he could have seen those flashing eyes and heard that ringing, tender voice, he would not have burst into that immoderate fit of laughter, and gone stamping up and down the room, as though it were the funniest joke in the world, his getting that letter.

"What the mischief!" he exclaimed.

Then he saw through it all; he pondered over it, then called his man and sent off a message.

Aunt Mary received an answer to her letter—a telegram. It was brief:

"A thousand thanks. I accept."

Miss Knowles opened her eyes.

"That is rather—rather curt, is it not, auntie?" she said.

"At least he puts the thanks before his acceptance," ventured little May Knowles, timidly, and then blushing up to her blue eyes, because she had spoken.

Aunt Mary glanced at the telegram, hopelessly.

"It doesn't say when he will be here, or how, or anything," she complained.

"Oh, that's no matter," replied her niece, cheerfully. "We will only hope that when he does get here, he will know how to work."

"My dear, he has always been petted so much," Aunt Mary reminded her. "Remember what an amount of money he has had to live on. You must not expect him to acquire the ways and habits of a poor man all at once."

A week after this they were all sitting in the parlor, looking out over the sloping lawn, when May exclaimed, looking up from her lacework:

"Somebody is coming. I hear the sound of a horse galloping."

They turned to look. Then they, each one of them, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

Who was this visitor of theirs, coming up the long horse chestnut avenue?—this man on a powerful black horse, riding as if he were going into battle fray, his dark eyes flashing, his long, blonde hair waving thickly behind on the air; riding boldly, as if he were some proud chief coming

"Boots and spurs and a' To take Bonnie Glenbyon away."

But, no! he stopped at the big wicker gate that shut intruders off from the ladies' piazza. He swung himself from the saddle with a martial air, and when Graham Forsythe, Gertrude's manager and right hand man generally, came forward, he said a few words, and then the two shook hands cordially. Graham sent a boy off to the stables with the horse, and led the stranger up the steps.

"Why," exclaimed Aunt Mary, at this movement on the part of the men, "it must be James!"



Gertrude stared. Was this the sort of man she had imported out of the cultured East, to do her Western drudgery for her? Her cheeks flushed.

Mr. Mordaunt's keen gaze flashed down the room, and then Aunt Mary came forward to greet him. He kissed her on the forehead after she had spoken to him.

"My dear, you are so like your father," she said, trembling, and then she led him up to Gertrude. As for her, this proud girl's heart sank lower every moment; she felt as if she ought to apologize for not having a line of servants and a splendid suite of rooms waiting for his service. How could she ever mention the word "work" to this man, with his regal air, who looked not only as if he might guide a ship's helm safely through stormy night-dark seas, but also lead an army of soldiers on through close battle to glorious victory?

It was not till in the evening, when they were all gathered in the parlor again, that anything was said about the purpose of his coming there.

Then it was Mr. Mordaunt himself who spoke, and in a few chosen words, expressed a sense of his great indebtedness to Miss Knowles for giving him a chance in the world.

Gertrude's proud cheek flushed again.

"It is nothing," she said, hurriedly—"nothing! Do not mention it. There is a chance for all here. You can do anything you choose in this land. There's room enough!"

Mordaunt laughed; he had noticed that little phrase of hers before.

Gertrude looked at him inquiringly.

"He is laughing because you say 'There is room enough,' so often," said Aunt Mary, quickly.

"Yes, you make me think it must be like heaven out here," answered Mordaunt; then he went on, slowly: "I remember an old-fashioned hymn my grandmother used to sing a great deal. She was very old, and her voice would quaver lovingly through one particular line,

"There's room enough in paradise."

I can hear just how she used to linger on the words, and then the refrain,

"O glory! O glory!  
I have a home in glory!"

He stopped suddenly. He had caught a sight of May Knowles, the little "May-rose," as Gertrude called her, looking timidly up at him, a soft flush on her almond-blossom face, tears in the lovely blue eyes, flashing through the blonde curled hair about her forehead.

Where had he seen such eyes as those before? Blue eyes! dear eyes!—was it in his dreams, or was it in the picture framed by those exquisite old lover words,

"Thou art my life, my love, my heart—  
The very eyes of me?"

Those pretty eyes haunted Mr. Mordaunt all night long in his dreams. They seemed to be watching him, looking at him always from some dim, luminous retreat, and he asked himself, as soon as he woke in the morning:

"I wonder if that little May-rose had anything to say about my coming here?"

However, he found very soon that there was no time, out there in that new life, for dreaming or for idle speculation. Miss Gertrude Knowles was very much in earnest in her work, and as soon as she found out how capable Mordaunt was, she did not spare him. His fine tact, his energy and his wide knowledge of men and the world, together with his immense physical strength and entire willingness, made him invaluable.

The only trouble was that he took everything as a joke. He sometimes laughed at his mistress for her enthusiasm over, and her confidence in, "that wide and beautiful Western land."

"Do you know, Miss Knowles," he said to her one day, laughing, "if I had your faith, I should be tempted to turn my back on everything else in this world, and devote my future years to solving the problem—what might not a man do and become in this strong, young land?"

Gertrude stared; then she said briefly, after a little pause:

"Why shouldn't you?"

Mordaunt colored and bit his lip. No more was said then; but Gertrude felt many a time that it was a relief to turn from his fine, courteous carelessness, his flattering belief in her entire ability to "hold out" and to "do," and meet Graham's watchful eyes, and see the solicitude in his brown, tired face, as he urged, respectfully:

"Don't work at that any longer, now, Miss Knowles; please put it aside; you have done enough for one day."

It was always to May that Mordaunt turned, saying: "There is a draught from that window, Miss May; permit me to move your chair," or else it would be: "There is always a slight chill in the air at this hour; I will fetch you a wrap."

Still, these were pleasant days for all; and if Mordaunt dreamed more than was good for him of those "blue eyes—dear eyes," into which he looked shyly at times, as a man might look into the pure eyes of a young saint, that was the business of no one but himself.

Still, a change came, as should have been expected, since no day, however bright, can last for ever. Miss Knowles, hugging to herself the comforting assurance that never had her plantation been in such splendid condition; that that formidable railway company, albeit she was a woman, showed no inclination to infringe upon her rights; that the herd-boys up yonder under the hills were leading less unholy lives than of old, while every pay-day a portion of their earnings was put in the savings bank, to be invested by-and-by in land; her dream, too, in this way, made of them useful and influential citizens, in their turn-out of this state, of comforting satisfaction. She was one day rudely startled.

It chanced that Graham, coming from his duties one evening, was alone. With rather a clouded face and a good deal of hesitation he proceeded to do his errand. Mordaunt had met some friends and gone with them to the city; he sent an apology and a message, stating that he would be home by midnight; that Aunt Mary was not to sit up for him, as she had once or twice done when business kept him and he was late—and so on.

Miss Knowles, who was something of an autocrat in her small realm, was not quite pleased at this. Since it was an affair of pleasure he was bound on, he might, at least, have come home first and reported from his work.

However, she did not like to speak to him about it; that mocking manner of his had more than once disconcerted her. She was never quite sure that he was in earnest, and, being very much in earnest herself, she annoyed her. Thinking of these things, she had not time to notice the quick look of apprehension that sprang into the soft eyes of May-rose, nor to note the settled pallor on the young, grave face, as the girl watched with lonely wistfulness the highway leading to the town.

So, nothing was said, and Mordaunt saw no change next morning in the manners of the party gathered round the breakfast-table. Perhaps he himself was a little pale and subdued; but he made up for that in the evening. Then he talked and laughed as he never had before. He sang an old-fashioned ballad. One would have said that he had heard some good news—something to put him in an excellent humor; or was it, rather, that he was talking and laughing in this unusual manner in order to remove any unpleasant impression of what had been done the night before.

Perhaps it was the beauty of that soft and still September evening that moved them, filling them with a strange, serene gladness. All the upper air, where for ever floated those dense masses of foliage, seemed one moment to be flooded with dusky light, the next with luminous shadows. There was a twinkling flash of water, not distant nor too near. One felt the presence of mellow fruit ripening with a strange joy out there under that blue, far-up heaven.

Mordaunt had been silent a moment, bending forward and looking out of the long window. His gaze was fixed and dreamy.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Mary, sitting up and looking out, too. "What has startled you out there?"

"Ah—what? Nothing! Nothing at all. Only, I was thinking, is not there something in such a night, in such a scene as this, that gives a wanderer that woe-felt feeling of—what shall we call it? Shall we give it our homely English name of 'home-sickness' or the more vague and mysterious German, 'heim-weh'? If I were home, now, I should certainly be going into the Brunswick."

"And why?" asked Miss Knowles, simply.

"Oh, because of the little lunch one would be sure to order there. It's all the same, you see"—he roused himself up and was speaking with great animation—"whether you order a full menu or just a bite of bread with a glass full of those sweet, crisp radishes; it would be an excuse for the bottle of wine you are wanting. Suppose you had been prowling around Governor's Island, or shooting at Creedmoor all day under a blazing hot sun"—he laughed out as if at some pleasant memory—"there is no describing how that first, long draught of Rhenish wine would thrill like white light through your whole body; and then, if your conscience would permit it, you might taste of that warmer, costlier vintage, every drop of which carries the sunshine of those long Summer days in which it lay trickling through the straw."

He stopped now, conscious of an ominous silence on the part of his audience. He glanced about and met Miss Knowles's eyes fixed on him with a cold, proud stare; Graham was watching his mistress's expression, with some scorn in his own; and the face of May-rose was drooped in a burning flush.

Mordaunt bit his lip; for a moment he was silent; then, gathering himself together, he plunged into the depths again.

"But it's not for the wine, or the things you get to eat, that one cares for mostly in those great hotels," he went on, carelessly; "it is the people you are sure to see in them. There is the Vendome, in Boston, for instance; in that house most of the great literary and artistic stars stop, *en passant*, and give a twinkle or two through the season. It was not long ago I saw the American *Hamlet* there in melancholy pose, and the good gray poet. Time has been when the good gray poet was to be seen only on the top of an omnibus, or mooning about in some dingy ferryboat of a night, try to decide in his mind whether the stars were up in the heavens, or down there in the water."

If he was talking now with the object of drawing their minds from dwelling on those previous unlucky remarks of his, he succeeded admirably. The women were all interested—even the May-rose ventured one or two timid questions concerning those famous people he had seen; and Aunt Mary, who read all the newspaper paragraphs and believed them, asked if it was true that mademoiselle, the French actress, took her walks abroad clothed in masculine attire, and if—here she stopped and blushed.

That was the end of that particular trouble. Nothing more was thought or said about it; but, unfortunately, it happened again not so very long after, and this time Miss Knowles was seriously offended. She kept a proud and angry silence when Graham delivered his message, nor did she order lunch to be sent up to the culprit's room as she had done before.

Her rest was a good deal broken that night; so much so, that when she woke from a heavy sleep late in the morning, she could not at first decide whether it was in her dream, or if she had actually seen a slim girl figure, wrapped in a cloak, watching down there under the

trees in the dark night; and if she had heard heavy, uncertain steps in the corridor, and then little May-rose in the room next hers sobbing as if her heart would break.

Miss Knowles went down to a late breakfast. She was very proud, and pale, and cold, and even the May-rose, who looked as if she had been out all night, bending beneath chilly blasts, shrank back.

In the evening they were sitting in the parlor, as they had been sitting that other evening, but not talking or laughing now; a frost in the air made all uncomfortable.

Then it chanced that Gertrude, wandering aimlessly about the room in that pale silence, listlessly took up a book.

"Are you going to read for us, my dear?" Aunt Mary ventured, timidously.

Gertrude hesitated; then, as if a sudden idea moved her to comply, she began to turn the leaves rapidly to a certain page. The book was a collection of poetry, and the thing she read was a translation from the Russian of Chevchenko. In the original it must have read with a terrible and thrilling pathos, for even in this strange English tongue—without rhyme and in broken metre—the words rang with a pale, sad sorrow. It was as if borne down with the fatal assurance that the tragedy it told in that one poem would be repeated again and yet again, as long as life should last and youth and love be young.

Gertrude read in a calm, impressive voice. Long afterward Mordaunt seemed to be haunted by those thrilling words—for there comes a time when men have daughters—and remember!

"Once upon a time there was a mother—a widow, and no longer young. She had oxen and carts. Her daughter Marianne grew up, became a young girl—marvelously beautiful, with her black eyelashes.

"One evening, while her mother slept, she went out to listen to the nightingale, as though she had never heard him in her life. She went out to the garden, listened, sang a little in her turn, then was silent. Beneath an apple-tree she paused in silence, and wept as weeps a motherless girl.

"She began to sing; the moon shone through the forest; she sang, checked herself, listened eagerly, began again—her weak voice grew faint.

"Peter was not there. Can it be that he had deserted her—the poor girl with the long lashes—at this unhappy hour?"

"She sings no more—this girl with the dark lashes—she weeps bitterly. Oh, return and look on thy work, forgetful Cossack!"

Here a long, deep sigh interrupted the reader; then came the sound of something falling. Gertrude turned and saw the May-rose lying white and still, as if dead, on the floor. With a cry she started forward, but Mordaunt was before her and swept her roughly aside.

"This is my duty," he muttered; then, as he caught up the pale shape and bore it to the window, he cried out, fiercely, "You have killed her—you and I together!"

They hung over her piteously, doing what they could. Poor thing! Poor little thing! Would she never come out of that white sleep?

"Oh, my darling!" cried out Mordaunt. "You will not die, will you? Live—live—be my good angel yet a while longer!"

"Mr. Mordaunt!" warned Gertrude, in a low voice, laying her hand on his shoulder.

He paid no heed to her. He only bent and kissed the pale shut eyelids.

"Blue eyes—dear eyes," he whispered, "look up at me—smile on me once more! Oh, soft, sweet eyes—the prettiest eyes that ever opened to the sun, open now! Be once again the life and the very light of me!"

As if his passionate love reached and won her back from death, the young girl stirred and moaned. It was her answer to his lover-prayer, that feeble moan.

They stood about her silently, watching the coming back of that beautiful life to the still body; and it was like the slow return of some shy, strange, sylvan creature to the haunt from which it had been rudely frightened away.

When those "blue eyes, dear eyes" did at last open, they rested first on the man who loved them so much—that all could see now—and then wandered feebly to Gertrude's pale face.

A frightened look quivered in May's glance; she tried to lift herself up, but Miss Knowles, bending over, softly kissed her back.

"Foolish child, to frighten us so!" Gertrude said. "You must get well now, at once. Don't you know that it is only because we love you so much that we don't all begin to scold you now?"

A grateful expression replaced that look of fear in the young girl's tender eyes, and then Mordaunt, slipping his strong arm under the white, trembling shoulders, lifted her up and held her, so supported, against his breast.

"Dear," he said, in his strong, clear voice, "I want you just to tell them this, for the pure and spotless love that made you watch through those dark night-hours out there under the trees, no after-service of my life can fittingly repay you. Tell them, too, that the disgrace you strove to conceal from all other eyes, shall never threaten again—that the one promise the lover-husband makes to his future bride is—never to touch wine again!"

He kissed her—his voice trembled into a proud, pathetic silence. But the old, hard look came back to Gertrude's face.

With a pleading glance, May took her hand and kissed it.

"Have faith in him," she whispered, shyly. "I have." She stole a glance at Mordaunt, her sweet face flushing like a flower. "He will keep his promise," she added, proudly.

He heard her plead for him.

"Ay, if faith can save, if love and truth and tenderness can keep a man from going astray, then shall my future life be clean. You don't know all!"

Again his voice broke. He turned to Gertrude.

"Will you give her to me? I love her, I need her, and if wealth, or tender care, or—"

Miss Knowles started. "Wealth?" she repeated, involuntarily.

"Why, have you got another fortune, James?" struck in Aunt Mary. "We thought you a poor man."

Mordaunt smiled gravely. "Never richer than now," he said, "with this." He took the hand of May-rose in his. He turned to Aunt Mary.

"You forget that there is another James Russell Mordaunt among us, a man much older than I. He had always lived abroad; so it was no wonder you did not think of him. It was he who lost a fortune in that unfortunate—"

"And you, sir," here broke in Miss Knowles, with great anger. "You have thus permitted me—"

Mordaunt quickly interrupted her.

"I have permitted you to teach me a great many good and noble things. I have permitted you to let me come into your home, to learn what sweet and gracious woman hearts there are in this world; to learn to toil wisely, and live well; to learn, oh, with what a humble heart, a man may sit at a woman's feet to all eternity, and yet not once be fit to so much as kiss her footsteps in the dust."

He lifted her hand to his lip.

"And now, this last great good you do me—you give me this golden flower of love, my sweet May-rose."

No tears now, no anger; only a great and proud content.

Gertrude put May's hand in his.

"I give you love," she said, calmly. "Be happy."

She passed slowly down the room, but Graham stood there. She paused a moment and looked into his faithful eyes. A great, sad yearning filled them.

She touched his arm lightly. He, at least, remained to her.

"Come, friend," she said, and the two went out together.

#### Reform Schools in Great Britain.

ACCORDING to a recently published Blue Book there were last year in the Reform Schools of England and Scotland 5,927 children, of whom 4,857 were boys and 1,070 girls, and the total expenditure was £134,080, of which £91,781 was paid by the Treasury. The number of children in industrial schools was 15,136—boys, 11,913; girls, 3,223—and the total expenditure was £316,175, of which £167,639 was paid by the Treasury. Reformatory schools have not increased since 1864 to any considerable extent; industrial schools, on the contrary, have steadily increased, and are still increasing. The Inspector speaks well of the efficiency of the schools. The present number of the reformatory schools is 64—52 in England and 12 in Scotland; of certified industrial schools, 130—96 in England and 34 in Scotland. There was a decided decrease in the number of juvenile offenders committed last year in England compared with the preceding years. The total was 5,579, the lowest for the twenty years since 1861. Last year the number was 6,810. In 1869, the highest year, the number was 10,314. Of the 5,579, 4,796 were boys and 783 girls. The number of adults committed during the year was 160,684. In Scotland, however, there is a slight increase. The juvenile commitments were 1,188, compared with 1,097 in each of the two preceding years. The number of adult commitments was 49,576, against 43,878 in 1879.

#### Dead Stars.

LIKE the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven (says Sir John Lubbock, in his opening address at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science), have ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvements in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their greater distance, smaller size, or feebler light; indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light or comparatively little. Thus in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again I may refer to the curious phenomena presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then, in another three and a half hours, reassumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body which intercepts at regular intervals a part of the light emitted by Algol.

Thus the floor of heaven is not only "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," but studded also with extinct stars once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be, some seventeen millions of years hence.

#### Wily King Theebaw of Burmah.

KING THEEBAW of Burmah, whose exploits in the way of thinning out his relatives earned him such unenviable notoriety last year, has recently, according to the *Times* of India, had a narrow escape from death by poison. It appears that some weeks ago one of his royal consorts sent him a present of dainty confectionery, with a message to the effect that she had prepared the toothsome gift with her own fair hands. Theebaw probably had some private reason for regarding this delicate attention with suspicion, for he very handsomely transferred the cakes to a favorite mother-in-law, the parent of the very queen from whom he had received them. Anxious to prove herself worthy of such a rare and graceful munificence on the part of her pious son-in-law, this august lady partook freely of the proffered pastry. Two hours after so doing she was a corpse, and her daughter did not survive her long, for Theebaw, as soon as his mother-in-law's demise was made known to him, gave orders that Her Majesty's head should be removed from her shoulders without an instant's delay. His commands were obeyed and the King, having thus summarily rid himself of a wife and a mamma-in-law between breakfast and dinner, doubtless congratulated himself upon having got through a highly satisfactory morning's work. Jealousy prompted his queen, it is said, to attempt his life. Probably no other reigning monarch is better qualified, by habit and temper, than King Theebaw to effect the permanent extinction of that perplexing passion in any lady allied to him by the nuptial tie, who may be a prey to the "green-eyed monster."



## THE NEW PRESIDENT.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, who, by the death of President Garfield, succeeds to the office of Chief Executive, was born in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, October 5th, 1830. His father was a clergyman, a native of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, who came to this country fresh from graduation at Belfast College and entered the ministry of the Baptist denomination. As a preacher he was successful, and in authorship he made some mark. Young Arthur's first tutor was his father, but in the public schools of Schenectady he was prepared for entering Union College, where he was matriculated at the age of fifteen. In college he was an industrious student, took high rank in his classes, and was an active member of the Psi Upsilon Society, meanwhile earning much of the money necessary to pay his expenses by teaching school. After graduating he studied law in that home of great lawyers, Ballston Springs. During this student-ship also he taught school. He was admitted to the Bar in 1852, and became the law partner of Judge E. D. Culver, of Brooklyn, New York, who in his day was a man of considerable note, having served for a time as Minister to one of the South American States. The firm lasted five years, when Mr. Arthur formed a partnership with a friend, Henry D. Gardner, the new firm starting out together to find a place to practice in the West. This was an unsuccessful attempt, and the firm finally came back to New York, where Mr. Arthur has lived ever since. Soon after being called to the Bar, he married a daughter of Lieutenant Herndon, of Central America fame. This lady died in January, 1879, leaving two children, a son of fourteen and a daughter of eight.

Two of the most notable causes in which Mr. Arthur participated in a professional way had connection with the colored race. The first was the celebrated Lemmon suit. The Lemmons, it will be recollected, were Virginia slaveholders. In 1852 they visited New York with eight slaves, intending to take steamer for Texas. On a writ of *habeas corpus* Judge Paine liberated their slaves, and the Attorney-General of Virginia and Charles O'Connor, who were paid their counsel fees by the State of Virginia, took an appeal. Opposed to them were Wm. M. Everts, assisted by Chester A. Arthur. The slaveholders were again beaten, and the eight slaves were set free. The second case arose in 1856. Lizzie Jennings, a respectable colored woman, was ejected from a car on the Fourth Avenue Street Railroad. Suit was brought for damages, and Mr. Arthur appeared for the colored woman and won the case, and his victory opened all the cars of New York City to the colored people.

During the civil war Mr. Arthur served on the staff of Governor E. D. Morgan, for the most of the time as Quartermaster-general. In that position he displayed the highest qualities of administration. As one has well said: "No higher encomium can be passed upon him than the mention of the fact that, although the war account of the State of New York was at least ten times larger than that of any other State, yet it was the first audited and allowed in Washington, and without the deduction of a single dollar, while the quartermaster's accounts from other States were reduced from one to ten millions of dollars. During his incumbency every present sent to him was immediately returned. Among others, a prominent clothing house offered him a magnificent uniform, and a printing house proffered a costly saddle and trappings. Both gifts were indignantly rejected. When he became quartermaster he was poor. When his term expired he was poor still. He had opportunities to make millions unquestioned."

At the expiration of Governor Morgan's term he returned to his law practice, and business of the most lucrative character poured in. Much of this work consisted in the collection of war claims, and the drafting of important bills for speedy legislation. In consequence, a great deal of his time was spent in Albany and Washington, where his uniform success won him a national reputation. For a short time he held the position of counsel to the Board of Tax Commissioners, at a salary of \$10,000 per annum. In 1871 he formed a partnership with Mr. Ransom, and later with Mr. Phelps, the late District Attorney of New York City, and he is now the senior member of the firm of Arthur, Phelps, Knevals & Ransom.

President Arthur's political career may be said to have begun when he was but fourteen years of age, when he was a pronounced Whig. He was a delegate to the Saratoga Convention that founded the Republican Party in New York State, and was henceforward active in local and State politics. It was not long before he was a leading spirit in the party, and when Thomas Murphy resigned the Collectorship of the Port of New York, in 1871, Pres-



HON. CHESTER A. ARTHUR, TWENTY-FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ident Grant nominated him to the vacancy. The nomination surprised no one so much as its recipient. Upon the expiration of his four years' term he had so acceptably filled the post that he was reappointed and unanimously confirmed by the Senate without the usual reference to a committee, a compliment usually reserved for ex-Senators. He was removed by President Hayes on July 12th, 1878, on alleged civil service grounds, despite the fact that two special committees made searching investigation into his administration, and both reported themselves unable to find anything upon which to base a charge against him. In announcing the change both President Hayes and Secretary Sherman bore official witness to the purity of his acts while in office. A petition for his retention was signed by every judge of every court in the city, by all the prominent members of the Bar, and by nearly every important merchant in the collection district, but this General Arthur himself suppressed.

In a letter to Secretary Sherman, reviewing the work of one of the investigating committees, General Arthur produced statistics to show that during his term of over six years in office the percentage of removals was only two and three-quarters, against

an annual average of about twenty-eight per cent. under his three immediate predecessors, and an annual average of about twenty-four per cent. since 1857. Of the nine hundred and twenty-three persons in office prior to his appointment, five hundred and thirty-one were still retained on May 1st, 1877. All appointments except two of the one hundred positions commanding salaries of \$2,000 per year were made on the plan of advancing men from the lower to the higher grades on the recommendation of heads of bureaus. The reforms which General Arthur instituted in the methods of doing business in the Custom House were as numerous as they were grateful to the mercantile community. After his removal he was engaged in the practice of the law, and in the direction of Republican politics in the State, being Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and contributed greatly by successful management, to the success of the Republican ticket.

The story of his nomination and election as Vice-President is familiar to the public. Taking the oath of office on the 4th of March last, he was installed as the President of the Senate. During the trying days of the long dead-lock he presided over the Senate with a firmness and dignity which commanded the respect of both parties. In these latter days, General Arthur's quiet, dignified

and sympathetic bearing has been the subject of general approval. Except when he went to Washington to express in person his condolence, he has remained at his home in New York. As showing the tender feeling and courtly gallantry of the new President, the scene in the White House when General Arthur called to condole with Mrs. Garfield may be recalled. The Vice President advanced to meet the wife of the wounded President, took her extended hand in his, pressed it to his lips, in tones that went to her heart assured of his deep sympathy, and suddenly, as though overcome by the sadness of the situation, exclaimed: "God knows, madame, I do not wish to be President!" He assumes the position of Chief Magistrate with a far better popular feeling towards him than existed previous to the fatal 2d of July.

## THE FLORIDA LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

AMONG the enterprises in progress for the development by Northern capital of the natural resources of the Southern States, perhaps none is more important than that headed and organized by Mr. Hamilton Diston, the well-known Philadelphia manufacturer. Four million acres of land, in Middle and Southern Florida, all below the average frost line, have been purchased by the "Florida Land and Improvement Company," of which Mr. Diston, senior member of the firm of Henry Diston & Sons, is President, and will soon be thrown open to sale and settlement. One million dollars cash was paid for the tract, which is of exceptional fertility, capable of producing the richest crops of tropical fruits and vegetables, and contracts have been made for the construction through the tract of railroads, which will soon be completed, and give ample facilities for reaching the markets of the Gulf and the North. In addition to the Land Company, Mr. Diston has also organized the "Atlantic and Gulf Coast Canal and Okechobee Land Company," which proposes, by canals running eastward to the St. Lucie River and westward to the Caloosahatchee, to lower the level of the lake and tributary waters at least ten feet, thus developing nearly eight million acres of the richest lands, adapted to the culture of nearly every tropical product now imported into this country. This Company has a franchise for the construction of a canal, suitable for commodious light-draught steamboats, ex-

tending from the mouth of the St. Johns River, via Halifax and Indian Rivers, to Lake Worth, a distance of three hundred and thirty miles. Both the above-named companies have their main offices at Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, with branches at 115 Broadway, New York, and Jacksonville, Florida.

## DR. WERNER SIEMENS.

THE Siemens Brothers, sons of the late Ferdinand Siemens, of Lenthe, near Hanover, now number five, and all have become distinguished in the world by reason of their wonderful and practical inventive genius. Our portrait is that of Werner, the eldest of the brothers, who is usually spoken of as the "Berlin Siemens." He was born at Lenthe, December 13th, 1816, received an education at the Gymnasium of Lubeck, and went thence to Berlin and entered the Prussian artillery as a volunteer. His eminent talents soon opened to him the doors of the Military School in Berlin, where he directed his attention to practical chemistry and physics. His first invention, in 1841, was a new method of gliding and silvering by galvanic deposit. A few years later he constructed, in company with his brother, William, a new "governor" for steam engines, which had an extensive application. In 1845 he brought out the well-known process of anastatic printing, which has also been highly appreciated.

It is in the department of electricity, however, that Werner Siemens has achieved his highest repute. In order to allow his mind the fullest range in this congenial branch of research and investigation, he left the army in 1850, and established the firm which in a very short time became one of the chief centres for the application of electricity and magnetism to the industrial arts. He devised and applied the gutta-percha covering for the purpose of insulating telegraph wires, as at that time the lines in use by the army were laid underground. In 1865 he founded the pneumatic dispatch system, which his brother William introduced into England in 1871; and about the same time he completed the system of block signals on railroads. His latest invention is the electric railway, a model of which was exhibited at the late Berlin Industrial Exhibition, while a much larger one is now in operation at the International Electric Exhibition at Paris. His inventions in this line alone number over fifty, and as an evidence of the practicability of his experiments and formulated conclusions, all of them have been put to immediate use.

The Siemens Brothers have vast manufacturing establishments at Berlin, London and St. Petersburg, and many honors have been conferred on them all.

## HOW THE RUSSIANS DRESS.

THE Russian costume of the lower classes consists of a black or white cap, with the brim drawn down on the brow, and shading the eyes; a long, loose, shapeless dark-blue or brown great coat, flowing down to the heels, and heavy top-boots up to the knee. From the folds of the coat you may here and there catch the sight of the red blouse or of the broad red sash and black velvet breeches which were once popular; but, as a rule, the black, long gaberdine hides everything; and, bating the color or tissue, the same garment, the same medley of international rags, seems equally to suit Russian or Tartar, Moslem or Christian, Gypsy or Jew. Merchants and brokers, and other middle-class idlers who crowd the steps of the exchange, wear the jacket and wide-awake hat now common to all Europe; gentlemen of a higher rank are either in military or civilian uniform, and these also throw over it their heavy riding-cloaks, regardless of the stifling heat, a Russian apparently never feeling comfortable unless he is swathed in loose drapery from head to foot. The funny pork-pie hats worn by the drozki drivers in St. Petersburg or Moscow disappear as we come further East, and here the Ivoshitschik buries his head and half his face in his ugly black hanging cap like other men. The Russians are as hirsute a race as any Asiatic. Those of the lower classes, whether out of ancient Muscovite pride or to spite the shade of Peter the Great, the great shaver, are bristling with such full, long beards as might excite the envy of their shaggy Kalmuch or Samojede fellow-subjects; some few have a mane at the back of the head down to the shoulders, but for most of them the hair is clipped in a straight line by the barber, a primitive artist, who claps an earthen pot on them over head and ears when they go to him for a shearing, and trims round and round whatever protrudes from the pot. Hair and beard are usually unkempt and tangled, a fit frame for the face, where a coating of several weeks' dirt neutralizes the color of the skin.



HAMILTON DISTON, PRESIDENT FLORIDA LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY STOKES.



DR. WERNER SIEMENS, THE DISTINGUISHED ELECTRICIAN.